Week ending January 19 1952 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

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by

MARGERY ALLINGHAM

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[NCC 773U]

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GUMS & LOZENGES

to cheer you up!

N81

Meat for tomorrow

WHAT LORD WOOLTON said in 1951 is now nearly as great an issue as what Gladstone (or Disraeli) may have said in 18—. What *did* Lord Woolton say, in fact?

Speaking in an election broadcast on October 13 last year, he made the following statement: "I believe that one of the best things we could do to make us all feel able to work harder would be to give us more red meat—but that is by the way."

His reference to "red meat," in the heated election atmosphere of the time, immediately became the subject of such violent political contention that, in the House of Lords, on November 13, he was compelled to explain his electioneering remark as mere wistfulness, and in no way a prophecy of what a Conservative Government would be able to provide.

"I said in my speech that people would like red meat," he told the Lords, "but I did not promise they would get it."

THE Woolton incident puts the whole meat problem into focus and reveals that it is something quite outside the range of party politics.

The truth is that no political party is able to override the facts, no matter how hard it may try, or what measures it may adopt.

Before the war we "grew" just over half our meat at home. That was when we could import unlimited feeding stuffs for cattle and pigs, and it did not matter much to the nation's economy whether its larder was filled in that way or by importing meat to make up deficiencies in home production.

New Zealand, Australia and Argentina sent us all we wanted. There was no argument then with the Argentine. We were still a wealthy nation and British capital controlled Argentine railways and many other industries.

If Argentine supplies *had* been stopped for any reason, we should have bought more meat elsewhere.

AFTER the war the picture was drastically changed. Lack of feeding stuffs, except what could be grown here, had reduced the number of animals on British farms. Their number could not be rapidly increased because we could no longer afford to buy unlimited supplies from abroad.

So in 1946, although we ate less meat, we imported a good deal more than we grew.

The largest portion of this imported meat now came from New Zealand, the next largest from Argentina, and Australia was sending less than prewar.

The following year all three countries sent more—and although home production went down because of the arctic winter which killed millions of animals, the prospect looked hopeful.

But in 1948 Australia and Argentina sent less. That was the beginning of our troubles. With some fluctuations they have been sending less and less ever since.

NOW the fact is that the three great meat-producing countries on which we must rely for most of our imports are themselves eating more of their own meat.

They simply have not enough to send us as much as we used to buy.

Unhappily, too, there is nowhere else in the world we can go for meat supplies on the vast scale needed by Great Britain's fifty million population.

The important thing is that the public should face this fact *now*.

FOR the meat shortage has come to stay. It will be with us for years. There is no "corner" a few months ahead around which lies abundance.

There is only the prospect of deepening difficulties, both over supplies and in finding the money to buy all the imported meat available to us.

This is a nuisance, but not necessarily a disaster. We must make up our minds to be less carnivorous and to adjust our diet and cooking methods to meet the new situation. We shall have to cultivate a taste for vegetables and other foods equal to that of the Continental nations.

If we don't want to turn into a nation of semi-vegetarians, there is only one remedy. That is to grow more meat at home. To get this done, anyway, must be the first aim of the Government's agricultural policy.

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FREE SPEECH

The dangers of being too curious

SHOPPERS IN A busy High Street were startled when a man ran out of a garage shouting to them to get away as the place was on fire and there were large petrol tanks beneath the pavement.

With my small daughter I did a smart about-turn and did not stop for a couple of hundred yards. But I noticed that many other people, when they had got over their surprise, gathered a little closer round the garage and settled down to watch the "fun." Many of them were mothers with young children. With the best of intentions, I warned passers-by of what had happened. They gratefully hurried towards the scene for a closer inspection.—A. RAMSAY, 33 Ravensbourne Gardens, Ilford, Essex.

Missed Her Big Chance

DENNIS HOLMAN'S ARTICLE on that wonderful teacher of singing, Madame Lily Payling (JOHN BULL, December 15), recalled to me that I was once selected to join a small group of singers from which she was to select two pupils to take up training with her. By a stroke of bad luck, when the day came, I was in hospital. I still sing as an amateur, but cannot help speculating sometimes on the heights I might have reached if I had been well enough to attend that final audition.—MRS. KATIE PAYEN, 32 Walwyn Avenue, Bromley, Kent.

Courts Out Of Reach

FACILITIES FOR SPORT are sadly lacking in many of our towns, compared with other countries. In my home town the only tennis courts available for public use cost five shillings an hour. Very few

Too dear for young hopefuls

budding Sedgmans and Harts can afford to pay this price as often as is necessary for proper practice. We have the raw material for future world champions, but our youngsters need more encouragement.—R. C. SHEPPERSON, Ravenhurst, 33a Tagwell Road, Droitwich Spa, Worcs.

Not-So-Useless Army

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS are not so useless an army as the young farmer who wrote condemning them ("Free Speech," December 29) seems to think. The men he so despises are mainly responsible for exhibiting Britain's products to the world and are chiefly instrumental in keeping the wheels of industry turning. I am proud to be one of them.—C. DALTON, 357 Lightbrowne Road, New Mostyn, Manchester.

Welcome In Korea

RECENTLY ARRIVED HERE is JOHN BULL'S issue of October 20, 1951, with A. R. Thomson's wonderful cover picture of "The Ceremony of the Keys" at the Tower of London. For many in this battalion it brought back a welcome memory of the time we spent in London in 1948 and 1949, when many of us took part in this ceremony. We were delighted by the lifelike portrayal of that colourful London tradition. I expect Mr. Cook, the chief warder, the central figure in the picture, will remember some of our sentries and their twisting of the King's English, such as the Durham lad who said: "Gan on King Geordie's keys, all's weel."—PRIVATE H. EATON, 1st Battalion, King's Shropshire Light Infantry, B.A.P.O. No. 3, Korea.

Forcing The Rhubarb

HOUSEWIVES WILL SOON be paying the usual fantastic prices for early "forced" rhubarb. This is a pity and it grieves me, for it is easy for any man with a garden or an allotment to force his own. As head gardener at a large hospital, I have produced a great deal of forced rhubarb—luscious, pink and tender. The time to force it is from the end of January to early March. Put straw manure around the rhubarb clumps and cover with old tea chests or other large boxes. Absolute darkness is essential, so no boxes with holes or cracks. You can pick the rhubarb from mid-March.—FRED FERNEYHOUGH, 31 Hatfield Road, St. Albans, Herts.

Railway's Helping Hand

ANY MORNING AT Gilmour Street Station, Paisley, the railway staff are to be found on the alert for the blind children who get off there on their way to Laighpark School for the Blind. Prize money won by this station during the past few years has been passed on to the school.—J. MCINTOSH, 16 Hope Street, Greenock.

Wren Among The Admirals

YOUR ARTICLE on Canterbury Cathedral and its Vesturer (JOHN BULL, December 29) was of special interest to me because, while I was serving in the W.R.N.S. in 1945, I was walking round the cathedral and was told of the ceremony and asked if I would sound Six Bells. After doing so, a most moving moment, I signed the book kept in the bookshop by the cathedral gate. The names above mine included Royalty and admirals, but not many women, as far as I can remember, and none so lowly as a Leading Wren.—MRS. MARY STEWARD, Dean Cottage, Old Gloucester Road, Ross-on-Wye.

The Canterbury bell

Sewing In Belsen

JOHN KOBLER'S INTERESTING articles on the Singer sewing machines (JOHN BULL, December 29-January 5) recalled to me the strangest place in which I ever saw one of these well-known machines: in the Nazi horror camp at Belsen, lying amid the graves, the litter and the filth.—F. J. LORD, 61 Empington Road, Stamford, Lincs.

. . . My husband has a treasured New Testament given to him by Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Singer and Mr. and Mrs. Washington Singer when he was a patient in Milton Hospital during the first World War.—MRS. C. BAMFORD, 116 Warmwells Lane, Marehay, Ripley, Derbyshire.

Season's Best Laugh

MANY THANKS FOR GIVING us the best Christmas laugh: William Showell's cover picture (JOHN BULL, December 29). It perfectly depicts our present

Showell's laugh-raiser

trials, as we have a large-mouthed infant of six months who thinks national dried milk tastes better at 2 a.m.—L. J. TEE, 100 Southfarm Road, Worthing, Sussex.

. . . William Showell has laid himself open to a great deal of criticism. "How terrible," midwives and nurses will say, "to leave the feeder, teat, spoon and food exposed to the germ-laden atmosphere, with father risking cigarette ash falling over them all." But the picture, correct in every detail (even to the flushed cheek of the infant where the pillow has left its impression), is so very human that I, a state-registered nurse, would like to say how much I enjoyed it.—MISS H. WILLIAMSON, 7 Park Avenue, Handsworth, Birmingham.

Too Much Book Learning?

WHEN I WAS AT A secondary modern school we had periods set apart for debates on current affairs, visits to local factories and so on. I enjoyed all this, but when I was transferred to a grammar school I found that such subjects were not included in the curriculum. Surely they are just as important as chemistry or biology?—SCHOOLBOY, Manchester.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

ARTIST Fred Laurent has painted a picture of himself at work in his studio. His constant companion there is his daughter Monica, aged 6, a budding make-up artist, who liberally uses her father's paints to show off her talents on her favourite doll. Laurent, 29, is a Belgian. In 1940 he made an adventurous escape to England and joined the Commandos. He married an English girl, and has now settled in Eastbourne.

She's got a sound balance in the Bank of Health

Someone to be proud of ! Strong bones and lovely teeth . . . And the sparkling eyes which picture the vital energy within.

This is what comes of starting—and keeping a child on SevenSeaS Cod Liver Oil. That teaspoonful a day works wonders in protecting and maintaining bodily health and growth.

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JB

Off-key organist gets himself organized

WALTER plays the organ at symphony concerts. Very badly. If anything, his Bach is worse than his Bizet. "Well, well," I said. "Found any lost chords lately?"

"*Grrr*," *growled Walter, andante doloroso.* "*I've no heart for playing any more. All this constipation I get makes me feel lower than the bass-pipes.*"

"Maybe your pipes are out of tune," I said.

"*Huh?*" *hummed Walter.*

"I'm talking about the pipes in your internal organ," I said, "the 30 ft. length all your food goes through. Nowadays we eat so much soft, starchy food that the intestinal muscles which move it along have nothing to get hold of, and they don't function properly."

"*What does that get me?*" *asked Walter.*

"An organ stop," I said, "and an involuntary Funeral March. In other words, constipation. The key for *your* problems," I said "is *bulk*."

"*Does it come in a bottle?*" *asked Walter, suspicioso.*

"Certainly not," I said, presto. "You'll get all the bulk those muscles of yours need by eating a little All-Bran every day with your breakfast. All-Bran's delicious—and it'll make you 'regular' in a few days."

"*I'll remember that*," *said Walter, con brio.*

The next time I heard Walter play, what a transformation! He went at the music like a real manual worker. "Hallelujah!" I said. "You sound better."

"*I am*," *fluted Walter, vox angelica*, "*that All-Bran's wonderful. It made me 'regular' in a week.*"

"Swell!" I said, vox populi. "All stops out."

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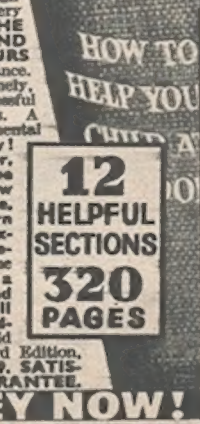

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Lurking in fog-bound London is a murderer. He is the . . .

TIGER IN THE SMOKE

by

MARGERY ALLINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

"IT MAY BE ONLY BLACKMAIL," said the man in the taxi hopefully. The fog was like a saffron blanket soaked in ice-water. It had hung over London all day and at last was beginning to descend. The sky was yellow as a duster and the rest was a granular black, overprinted in grey and lightened by occasional slivers of bright fish colour as a policeman turned in his wet cape.

Already the traffic was at an irritable crawl. By dusk it would be stationary. To the west the Park dripped wretchedly, and to the north the great railway terminus slammed and banged and exploded hollowly about its affairs. Between lay winding miles of butter-coloured stucco in every conceivable state of repair.

The fog had crept into the taxi, which crouched panting in a traffic jam. It oozed in ungenially, to smear sooty fingers over the two elegant young people who sat inside. They were keeping apart self-consciously, each stealing occasional glances in the same kind of fear at their clasped hands, resting between them on the shabby leather seat.

Geoffrey Levett was in his early thirties. He had a strong-featured, uncommunicative face and a solid, powerful body. His brown eyes were intelligent and determined but not expressive, and both his light hair and his sober clothes were well and conventionally cut. There was nothing in the look of him to show the courage of the man, or the passion, or the remarkable, if untimely, gift he had for making money. Now, when he was undergoing the most gruelling emotional experience of his life, he appeared merely gloomy and embarrassed.

Meg Elginbrodde sat beside him. He was much more in love with her than he had ever believed possible, and every social column in the country announced that she was about to marry him.

She was twenty-five years old, and for the

Meg was unnoticed. As the man was heaved to the platform, she watched his face in horror

five years since her twentieth birthday she had believed herself a war widow, but during the last three weeks, ever since her engagement had been announced, she had been receiving through the post a series of photographs taken in the city streets. They were all recent snapshots, as various landmarks proved, and in each of them there had appeared among the crowd a figure who was either her late husband, Major Martin Elginbrodde, or a man so like him that he must be called a double. On the back of the latest picture to arrive there had been a roughly printed message.

"It may be only blackmail," Geoffrey repeated, his deep voice carefully casual. "That's what Albert Campion thinks, isn't it?"

She did not reply at once and he glanced at her sharply, accepting the pain it gave him. She was lovely. Her plum-coloured redingote with its absurd collar arched like a sail emphasized her slenderness. She looked bendable, bone and muscle fluid like a cat's. Her eyes, lighter than Scandinavian blue and deeper than Saxon grey, were wide apart above the short, fine nose and the wide, soft mouth. And her voice, when she spoke, was husky, the intonation alive and ingenuous. One realized, albeit with surprise, that she was both honest and not very old.

"That's what the police think. I don't know about Albert. No one ever knows quite what he thinks."

There was a long and unhappy pause during which the cab leaped forward a foot or so, only to pause and pant again, frustrated. Geoffrey glanced at his watch.

"There's plenty of time, anyway. Now, you're sure it is three thirty that you're meeting Campion and this inspector?"

"Yes. Albert said we'd meet in the yard at the end of the station. The message just said: 'Bath train, three forty-five, November eight.'"

"And that was on the back of the photo?"

"Yes."

"It wasn't in Martin's handwriting? Just block capitals?"

"I told you."

"You didn't show it to me."

"No, darling."

"Why?"

She met his glance calmly with her wide stare. "Because I didn't want to very much. Albert brought the police into it and they took the photograph, so I couldn't show it to anyone."

Geoffrey's face was not designed to show exasperation or any other of the more helpless emotions. His eyes were hard as he watched her.

"Couldn't you tell if it was like him?"

"Oh, it was *like* him." She sounded helpless herself. "They've all been *like* him, even that first one which we all saw. They've all been like him but they've all been bad photographs. Besides——"

"What?"

"I was going to say I've never seen Martin out of uniform. That's not true, of course, but I did only see him for a short time on his two leaves. We were only married five months before he was killed—I mean, if he was killed."

The man looked away from her out into the fog and the scurrying shadows in it. "And dear old Canon Avril seriously believes that he's come back to stop you marrying me five years after he was cited 'Missing believed killed'?"

"No," she protested, "Daddy fears it. He's afraid Martin may be alive and mad."

Geoffrey swung round slowly and spoke with deliberate cruelty aimed mainly at himself. "And how about you, pretty? What are you hoping?"

She sighed and leaned back, her eyes watching his face.

"I knew I'd have to tell you all this, Geoff, so I thought it out. I love you. I really do. I'm quite terribly in love with you. But I did love Martin when I was nineteen, and when I knew—I mean when I thought—he was dead, I thought I'd die myself."

She paused. "Somehow I think I did. Your Meg is a new girl."

GEOFFREY LEVETT discovered with horror that he was in tears. At any rate his eyes were smarting and he felt sick. His hand closed more tightly over hers and he banged it gently up and down on the cushion.

"I'm a damned fool," he said. "I ought not to have asked you that, my dear, dear girl. Look, we'll get out of this somehow and we'll go through with the whole programme. We'll have everything we planned, the kids and the house and the happiness. It'll be all right, I swear it, Meg; somehow it'll be all right."

"No." She had the gentle obstinacy of her kind of woman. "I want to tell you, Geoffrey, because I've thought it all out, and I want you to know so that whatever I do, well, at least you'll understand. You see, this message may mean just what it looks as though it means, and in an hour I may find I'm talking to Martin. I've been thinking how horrible that'll be for *him*. You see, I've *forgotten* him."

There was nothing he could say.

"I never saw him out of war," she said, in much the same way as she might have said, "I never saw him sober." "I didn't know him, I suppose. I mean I don't really know him at all."

The last word faded and ceased uncertainly. The taxi started again and then, seizing an opportunity, swung sharply into the station approach.

"Are you coming with me, Geoff?"

"No." The disclaimer was altogether too violent, and he hastened to soften it. "I don't think so, do you? I'll telephone you about five. You'll be all right with Campion and his bloodhound, won't you? I think you'll be happier without me. Won't you?"

The final question was genuine. The flicker of hope appeared in it unbidden. She heard and recognized it, but hesitated too long.

"I just don't know."

"You go along."

He kissed her lightly and had the door open just before the taxi stopped. As he helped her out, she clung to his sleeve. The crowd on the pavement was large and hurried as usual, and they were crushed together by it. Once again he saw her, as he had been seeing her at intervals all the afternoon, afresh, as if for the first time. Her voice, reaching him through the bustle, sounded nervous and uncertain. The thing she had to tell him was altogether too difficult.

"I haven't really *told* you, Geoff. I'm so muddled. I'm so *sorry*, darling."

"Shut up," he said softly, and thrust her gently away.

The crush snatched her and bore her away from him into the dark archway of the entrance, which was festooned like a very old theatre proscenium with swathes of fog. She turned to raise a small gloved hand to him, but a porter with a barrow and a woman with a child frustrated her and she was swept on out of his sight as he stood watching, still with the cab door open.

MR. ALBERT CAMPION and his C.I.D. friend, Chief Inspector Charles Luke, who was Father Superior of the second toughest police division in metropolitan London and proud of it, stood in the covered yard of the southern end of the terminus and waited. Apart from bleaching him, the years had treated Mr. Campion kindly. He was still the slight, elegantly unobtrusive figure exactly six feet tall, misleadingly vacant of face and gentle of manner, which he had been in the nineteen-twenties. The easiest of men to overlook or under-estimate, he stood quietly at his point of vantage behind the rows of buffers and surveyed the crowd with casual good temper.

His companion was a very different kettle of

"I'm a damned fool," Geoffrey Levett said.

She's One Of The Big Ten

MARGERY ALLINGHAM, author of *Tiger in the Smoke*, looked on 1950 as her year of triumph. In it, ten of her novels were reissued in one stupendous edition of a million copies, and she was voted by the Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine poll to be one of the first ten mystery writers in the world.

But she is no stranger to success. Her first book, *Blackerchief Jack*, was written at the age of sixteen, and published here and in America. Since then, with a brief break for a honeymoon in 1927 (she was up early on her wedding day to finish a story), she's been writing constantly. Gentle Mr. Campion, that well-bred terror of crooks everywhere, appeared early in her career.

Now, at forty-seven, she lives in an old house on the Essex marshes, works in a room at the top of the house reached only by a ladder. When she's writing, the ladder is pulled up!

"I ought not to have asked you that." To his horror, he felt tears creeping into his eyes

fish. Charlie Luke looked at best like a heavyweight champion in training. His dark face, with its narrow, diamond-shaped eyes and strong, sophisticated nose, shone in the murky light with a radiance of its own. His soft black hat was pushed on to the back of his close-cropped curls and his long hands were deep in his trouser pockets, so that the skirts of his overcoat bunched out behind him in a fantail.

Members of that section of the district who had most cause to be interested in him were apt to say that "give him his due, at least you couldn't miss him." He stuck out like a lighthouse. He was some inches taller than his companion, but his thickset build made him seem shorter. As usual he conveyed intense but suppressed excitement and rigidly controlled physical strength, and his bright glance travelled everywhere.

"It may be just some silly game, a woman playing the goat," he remarked. "But I don't think so. It smells like the old 'blacking' to me. All the same—an open mind, that's what we want. You never know. Weddings and so on are funny times."

"There's a man involved, at any rate," objected Mr. Campion mildly. "How many photographs have you got of him in all—five?"

"Two taken in Oxford Street, one at Marble Arch, one in the Strand—that's the one which shows the movie advertisement which dates it as last week—and then the one with the message on the back. That's right, five." He buttoned his coat and stamped his feet. "It's cold," he said. "I hope she's not late. And I hope she's beautiful. She's got to have something if she can't even recognize her old man for sure."

Campion looked dubious. "Could you guarantee to recognize a man you hadn't seen for five years from one of those snapshots?"

"Perhaps not. But I should have thought a woman would know her own husband if she saw the sole of his boot through a grating or the top of his hat from a bus."

CAMPION regarded him with interest. It was the first trace of sentimentality he had ever observed in the inspector, and he might have said so, but Luke was still talking.

"If it's blackmail, and it probably is, it's a very rum lark," he was saying. "I don't see how or when the bloke expects to collect anything out of it, do you?" His eyes were snapping in the smoking mist. "The ordinary procedure is 'Give me fifty quid or you'll be up for bigamy.' Well, she's not married again yet, is she? Crooks can be peculiarly wanting in the top storey but I've never heard of one who'd make a blob like that. If it had been her wedding which had been announced and not her engagement, it might have made sense. Even so, what's the point of sending her one picture after another and giving us time to get on the job?"

Mr. Campion nodded. "How are you getting on with the street photographers?"

The other man shrugged his shoulders. "They all take several hundred snaps a day. They all remember photographing someone exactly like him, only it wasn't quite he. They all lost money on the deal. My boys are still working on it, but it's a waste of time and public money. The pics themselves are covered with fingerprints. All five show the same bleary, smeary figure in the street. Nothing to help at all. This last one with the train time on the back is the craziest of all, to my mind," he added earnestly. "Either he *wants* to get the police on the job or else he expects the young woman to be a darned sight more windy than she appears to be. You say she's not lying. I haven't seen her; I wouldn't know. I'm just taking your word for it. That's why I'm here getting so perishing cold."

His piledriver personality forced home the suggestion, but he spoke without offence.

"No, she's not lying," said Campion. "Hasn't it occurred to you that Elginbrodde may be alive?"

"The War Office says 'No, go away.'"

"I know. But they've been wrong before."

"If it's Elginbrodde himself, he's 'psychological.'" The inspector let his eyes cross horribly and for an instant his tongue appeared, loose and lolling. "I hate psychiatry." His glance darted off again, scanning the hurrying travellers. Almost at once a soft but unmistakable whistle escaped him. "This is it." His tone ran up in triumph. "This is our young lady, I'll bet a pound. See that where-are-you-I-hope-or-don't-I look? Am I right? What a smasher!"

Campion glanced up and started forward. "Clever of you. That is Mrs. Elginbrodde."

MEG saw them bearing down upon her. In her hypersensitive mood they both appeared monstrous.

There was Campion, the amateur, a man who never used his real name and title. In appearance a middle-aged Englishman typical of his background and period. She saw him as kindly, unemotional, intelligent and resourceful, all inbred virtues ensuring that his reactions would be as hidebound as a good gun dog's. She knew his kind so well that she was prepared to find almost any hidden peculiarity in him. It was typical of his variety that he should perhaps be very brave, or very erudite, or possibly merely able to judge Chinese prints or grow gardenias.

On the other hand, the man behind him was something new to her and at first glance she found him frankly shocking. Hitherto she had thought very little about policemen, classing them vaguely as necessities which were on the whole beneficial, like banks or the parliamentary system. But here, as she could see, was a very male person of considerable, if not particularly pleasant, interest.

"I was so sorry I couldn't find you any snapshots for comparison," she said earnestly. "My husband didn't live in England before the war, so none of his things were here. We didn't have very long together and somehow we didn't seem to run to snapshots."

Luke nodded. He recognized her mood. That preoccupation with the problem, so acute that it excluded even the ordinary social preliminaries, was familiar to him. He had seen worried people before.

"I understand that, Miss—I mean Mrs. Elginbrodde. He was in France, wasn't he, brought up by a grandmother? And he wasn't very old when he died—twenty-five, I think?"

"Yes. He'd be thirty now." She looked round as she spoke, nervously and yet not entirely unhopefully. The movement was quite subconscious, and it struck both men as pathetic. It was as though the war years had peeped out at them suddenly and the coloured clothes all round them in the fog had been washed over briefly with khaki.

Luke said briskly: "The studio portrait and the passport didn't really tell us much, you know. I think I ought to tell you that as far as our experts can tell from measurement of the features —as far as they can *tell*—it's not the same man." He was watching her, trying to appraise her

Luke stared hard at the girl. "Just how well did you know that husband of yours?" he said

reaction. The face she turned to him was both disappointed and relieved.

"I did find this last night," she said, turning to Campion. "I'm afraid the whole thing is very dark, but it's a snap a child took of a dog we had, and that's Martin in the background. I don't know if it's any use at all, yet I think anyone who knew him would recognize it."

She brought a little faded square from the depths of her big handbag and handed it to him. The inspector looked over his shoulder. It was the yellowing print of an over-exposed snap of a plump, negroid-looking dog wallowing on a London lawn, and far in the background, laughing, with hands in pockets and head thrust forward, was a boy wearing a braggadocio moustache. There was nothing definitely characteristic there except perhaps his spirit, and yet the picture shook them both and they stood looking at it for a long time. At length, Luke tapped his coat pocket.

"I've got one of the street pictures here, but this isn't the time to get it out. Now look here"—Luke became a conspirator and his shoulders seemed to spread even wider to screen her—"the only thing you've got to do is to keep your head. It all depends on you. It's a million to one that this will turn out to be the usual blackmail by a customer with a record as long as a train. He may just want to look at you, or he may risk talking to you. All you've got to do is to let him. Leave the rest to me, see?"

"Time is getting on," put in Mr. Campion behind him. "Only fifteen minutes to go."

"I'd better go to the platform." Meg moved as she spoke and Campion drew her back.

"Not yet. That's where he'll look for you. Don't move from here until we spot him."

She was surprised, and her narrow brows rose high on the smooth forehead, which was rounded like a little girl's and had been fascinating Luke for some time.

"But I thought the message meant that he was coming *off* the Bath train?"

"That's what he wants you to think." The inspector was in danger of becoming fatherly. "He wants you to watch the train so that he can pick you out at leisure. The postmark was London, wasn't it? He doesn't have to go to Bath to take a platform ticket."

"Oh. Oh, of course." She sighed on the word and stepped back beside him, her hands folded. In spite of their escort she looked lonely, peering out anxiously, waiting.

THE fog was thickening and the glass and iron roof was lost in its greasy drapery. The yellow lights achieved but a shabby brilliance and only the occasional plumes of steam from the locomotives were clean in the gloom. That tremendous air of suppressed excitement which is peculiar to all great railway stations was intensified by the fog; all the noises were muffled by it and made more hollow-sounding even than usual. From somewhere off in Crumb Street came the dreary thumping of a street band.

The afternoon rush was beginning, and wave after wave of hurrying travellers jostled out of the booking hall and fanned on to the wide ledge of one of the longest platforms in the world. Away to their right was the other carriageway climbing bleakly into Crumb Street, and behind them was the tunnel to the Underground and the double row of telephone boxes.

Luke was watching the main entrance with misleading idleness, while Campion kept a discreet eye on the Underground, and neither was prepared for the sudden cry beside them.

"Oh! Look! Over there! There he is! *Martin!*"

Meg had forgotten everything else in the world. She stood transfixed, pointing like a child and calling at the top of her voice.

Fifty yards away on a strip of sooty pavement, which was otherwise deserted, a neat, soldierly figure had appeared. He wore a distinctive and well-cut sports jacket and a green pork-pie hat, and had just turned in smartly out of the drive from Crumb Street. He had a brisk, purposeful step and was not looking about him. Even at that distance the shadow of a large moustache was discernible, and from behind him, as though designed to increase the somewhat theatrical militariness of his appearance, the rowdy street band thumping out the violent marching song sounded clearly from the distance.

"Martin!" Meg broke away before they could stop her. There was something in the cry which reached the man above the noises of the station. It was not the sound itself but something emotional which ran through the other loiterers, as if between them they had made a telephone wire. Campion saw a line of turning heads and at the end of it the stranger starting violently, stopping, pausing frozen for a moment. Then he ran.

He fled like a deer down the first avenue of escape. A mass formation of porters' trucks, each piled high with luggage, lay directly ahead of him and his pursuers were sweeping down on him from his left, so he turned right, through the open gateway of the suburban line platform where the slow down train stood waiting. He ran as though his life depended on it, blindly, knocking strangers headlong, leaping over suitcases, darting round lamp-standards only just in time to avoid disaster. Luke shot after him, clutching his coat skirts round him and gaining because of his superior stride. He sped past Meg, who would have followed him had not Campion's hand closed firmly on her wrist.

"This way," he said urgently, and swept her on towards the other platform immediately behind and parallel with the stationary train. The crowd hampered everybody. Luke charged through it like a bull, shouting: "Mind your backs, please!"

ON the other platform, however, when at last they reached it, Mr. Campion and the girl found themselves practically alone. The suburban train, dimly lit and lying like a black caterpillar on the second row of rails, was separated from them by a gulf of blackness stripped with dull silver. Since all the excitement was taking place on the other side of it, there were no faces at the windows and no sign of movement from within. Meg was very white and her hands were shaking.

"He ran away," she began huskily. "Martin. . . ."

The word died abruptly. Campion was not looking at her. He was watching the dark side of the train, his coat buttoned tightly and his hands ready.

And after a minute or two, the moment he waited for occurred. A door half-way down the train swung back abruptly and a dark figure dropped out on to the line. He tripped over a sleeper but recovered himself and stumbled across to the platform, only to find the stone rim level with his shoulders. He sprang at it and clung there, his head turned from them, as he

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DIVORCE in Brilain loday

A John Bull survey based on personal case histories

NEARLY a quarter of a million couples have been divorced and another hundred thousand legally separated in Britain since the end of the war. In perhaps the greatest social upheaval in this country's history, one marriage has been breaking for every ten made. Today, the divorce rate alone is ten times what it was fifteen years ago, fifty times what it was fifty years ago.

But the total influence of divorce has not been confined to divorcees. About half of them have children; about half remarry single people. All told, within six or seven years, marriage failure has directly affected close on a million and a half people.

Since this great divorce rush began, hardly a week has gone by without some authority trying to give an explanation. Pulpit, court, Parliament, Press, consulting room, university, guidance centre have all had their say. Some have blamed the war, with its enforced separations, hasty marriages, marriages to give a baby a name. Some say the real causes are money, housing and in-laws.

The statistically minded have produced other evidence. Certain occupations which provide a fairly large number of contacts with the opposite sex are said to be particularly prone to divorce—films, the theatre, medicine, tobacco and light engineering industries. With more women going out to work, the list is growing. People who frequently move house or change their job tend to get divorced more often than others.

Attempts have been made to show that men go wrong by marrying women younger than themselves and beneath them educationally or socially. City life appears to be more conducive to divorce than a rural one. And from the legal statistics comes evidence that the first ten years of marriage are the most dangerous.

Among all this conflicting fact and opinion, it is increasingly hard to get to the roots of the problem. No single authority can say with confidence that this or that set of circumstances is the main cause of divorce. But it is possible to arrive at some general conclusions by sifting the evidence, examining the case histories, and getting the opinions of those whose job it is to handle them.

The writer, DON EVERITT, was commissioned by JOHN BULL to do just this. He has spent many months studying the work of experts in all branches of marriage guidance. He has examined large numbers of individual cases—necessarily anonymous—which he has used in his three-part report.

1: WHEN IN-LAWS COME TO STAY

Examination of case histories shows that the most common causes of marriage failure which the experts are called upon to handle are: in-law problems; parental disapproval of the marriage; differences in religious, educational and social background; the influence of friends and colleagues; childlessness; lack of adequate housing; finances; and the advance of industrialization and sex equality.

Because it was for so long a subject for comedy, some authorities have been apt to be impatient about the in-law problem. Now, with an excessive number of people having to live with relatives, there is a growing change of mind. One social scientist has found a marked relationship between in-law difficulties and marital unhappiness. Another has even said that the chances of a successful marriage are highest if both sets of parents are dead.

The problem has many facets, but one of the commonest and most difficult is caused by the mother-in-law who comes to the house after her husband has died. In one instance, quoted by a London solicitor, she not only broke up the husband and wife but their children, too.

As often happens, she arrived in an aura of sympathy over her bereavement. For a time nothing that she asked was too much trouble. She took advantage of this. She got her daughter-in-law to change to her own grocer and butcher. She took an increasing hand in the cooking to do it "the good old-fashioned way." She had the furniture shifted around, and some moved out to make room for things of her own. Soon she was firmly established, and she really began to run the house.

For the fifteen years before she came, the couple had got along reasonably well. They had had their quarrels, and their interest in each other had waned somewhat, but there had been no crises.

"With granny there under those conditions, however," says the solicitor whose case this was, "trouble was inevitable. She, like most parents, would assume her dominance before she entered the home, and unfortunately she was allowed to have her own way. Conflict was bound to follow because three generations were involved, and the old lady could no more think in the same terms as her married children than they could fully understand the attitudes of their own children."

It took five years for the home to break up. Mother-in-law turned away the couple's friends by her awkward presence, and by malicious remarks to those she did not like. She criticized her daughter-in-law's housekeeping finances. She criticized her way of handling the children, and she constantly nagged the children themselves. When the girl reached the age of seventeen, grandmother ordered her not to go with young men until she was ready to get married. When either child brought friends home, she sat with them all the evening until, of course, she drove them away.

For a considerable time the daughter-in-law remained quiet, accepting that "mother was just trying to do her best." But when she realized that she was becoming little more than a servant in her own house, she rebelled. There were many violent rows. The children, influenced by their mother's new attitude, also began to argue with granny. Father, meanwhile, suffered little. From the first he had quickly slipped back into having his mother running the house.

When, however, the quarrels did begin to affect him, he tended to side with his mother. This, as the solicitor later pointed out, was because he could see only one alternative—to throw her out, which he would not do. His wife began to threaten, "Either she goes or I go." The children, meanwhile, had already left. The son had got a job in another town and the daughter was living in a bed-sitting-room with a friend. One night the husband came home and found his mother reigning alone. His wife had carried out her threat.

This couple did at least have fifteen years' privacy, but since the war many others have

been saddled with in-laws or forced to live with them from the start of the marriage. Some marriage experts have come to regard this situation as one of the most dangerous of all.

A woman whose husband is suing for divorce on the ground of desertion told a probation officer: "We never had any time really on our own. If Jack did sit me on his knee in our room, his mother always seemed to come in at an embarrassing moment. Oh, yes, she apologized, and Jack said it was all right and come in, and the evening was always nicely spoiled. Then, of course, she interfered with the cooking. What he liked and what he didn't like! For some reason which I never was able to fathom she always wanted to be told if we were going out for the evening, and I got fed up with that. There were other things, too—making a noise and so on. We were less like lovers when we were married than when we were courting."

Sister's Interference

Mothers-in-law are not the only offenders. As Kenneth Walker, the Harley Street specialist, says in his recent book, *Marriage*: "Sisters-in-law take after their mothers, and the advice they offer when things are not to their liking often has unfortunate results."

A middle-aged couple had their first baby after they had been married thirteen years. Both were extremely proud and happy, and they lavished money and care on the child. Everyone who knew them was surprised, therefore, when, shortly after the baby's first birthday the wife went to court for a separation and maintenance order on cruelty grounds. The trouble had begun after a conversation between the husband and his sister. In it he casually mentioned that he was having stomach trouble, probably as a result of the irregularity of his meals now that a baby was on the scene. His sister seized on this and convinced him that his wife was letting things slide, that he was being badly treated.

On her next visit to their flat, she told his wife: "I hope you don't neglect the baby as much as you do your husband." This was the beginning of the end. The wife discovered that her husband was on his sister's side, and next day she told him to prepare his own meals, or, better still, to get his sister to do it. For a fortnight she remained on strike. Then her husband threatened to cut her housekeeping money. "I suppose that's another of your sister's pet ideas," she retorted. At that, the husband lost his self-control and hit her.

Very closely related to the in-law problem is the parental disapproval of a marriage. Usually, say the experts, the friction occurs between mother and daughter-in-law—"I wasn't good enough for *her* son." In one analysis, more than sixty per cent of the divorced people questioned said that one or more of the parents had been against the marriage. Some marriage advisers regard this disapproval as almost inevitable, adding that a certain rivalry must exist because the parent is losing some affection to an outsider. And some parents will go to extraordinary lengths to hold on to that affection.

Jealousy Of Parents

In one case, for instance, the parents had always doted on, sheltered and generally spoiled their daughter. She had been their fourth child, the fourth attempt to have a girl. Cheerfully, they had watched their sons leave home for matrimony, but they hoped, a little dubiously perhaps, that the girl would stay with them. Until she was twenty-two, she did; then she met a young man.

Immediately, the parents developed new tactics. They welcomed him into the home. They persuaded their daughter to insist on a two-year engagement. With this done, they then began to get their tentacles around him. They dominated him in a nice way. They supervised the courtship—"I'm sure you'd both like to come for a run in the car with dad and me this evening." They felt sure that "when you get married you'll stay with us until you can get a proper place. We've plenty of room and we know some of these apartments are dreadful." For a time all went well.

Unfortunately, however, the girl had picked a most forceful and shrewd young man. He indulged the parents at first, but then, when he had completely won the girl's love, he persuaded her to fix a date for the marriage only a year after the engagement. He got rooms on the other side of the town. The girl, afraid of hurting her parents, told them nothing until the notice of marriage was in the registrar's office. In the words of the solicitors later involved, there was a "royal bust-up." "If you get married next week," the parents said, "we shan't come, and we don't want to see you again."

Not unnaturally, the girl ignored the ultimatum. In view of their earlier attitude towards him, her fiancé had already warned her that they might be spiteful. He said they would soon get over it. But they did not. Nor did the marriage last very long. At first the husband forgave his bride's cooking and other inadequacies, and for her the romantic shine of housewifery was some time in wearing off. But when he did realize that she was learning very slowly, and when she fully appreciated all her new responsibilities, tension was quick in coming.

Wife Went Back Home

One morning the couple had an argument before he left for work, and later in the day the girl met her parents in the street for the first time since the marriage. They were immediately solicitous. "You're looking pale, my dear," her mother said. "What's the matter? Not ill, are you? Nothing's wrong, is it?" Said Dad: "Come on, my girl, let bygones be bygones. Tell us if there *is* anything."

The daughter had little desire to control herself. Tears rolled down her cheeks and she told of her unhappiness. "Come back home and have a cup of tea with us." She went, and with very little persuasion stopped the night. Next day she wrote to her husband for her belongings and said she was finished. They did not see each other again until they met accidentally three and a half years later—after the divorce.

Another common factor in marriage failures is a difference in background—particularly religious background. Almost with one voice, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish leaders say no to inter-faith marriages. Even though the parents' own interest in religion may be quite slight, marriage advisers say that disputes over children are a most common source of trouble. Contraception, circumcision, baptism, schooling, diet, days of rest, observation of holidays are some of the quoted points of friction.

Romance With College Maid

From divorce and separation case histories, there is equal ground for condemning marriages between people who have different educational and social backgrounds. A professor's son, who had never had much to do with girls, met and fell in love with a college maid. His parents tried unsuccessfully to get him to give her up, but managed to persuade him to wait until he got a degree before marrying.

To keep face, meanwhile, they helped the girl financially so that she could give up her job; they invited her to live with them until the wedding. But they were by no means reconciled to having her as daughter-in-law. Once she was in the house, they made her feel that intellectually she was far beneath them. However, she was not the type to be put off so easily. When her fiancé got his degree, the marriage took place.

For a time the pattern of the courtship continued. But as they progressed from the idyllic to the normal, the husband renewed old pre-courting friendships. He was pleased to show off his good-looking wife; he was proud of their home. Unfortunately, things did not go quite as he hoped. He found that his wife was no conversationalist; when she did open her mouth it was usually to say the wrong thing or, worse still, to flirt with his more venturesome visitors. He became irritable and secretly jealous; and she did not hesitate to argue with him, because for her the attraction of the marriage had been waning ever since it had lost its first novelty. When he stopped inviting those men who were "interesting," she complained and retaliated by going out on the nights when he had guests.

Other factors increased his resentment and her boredom. Very much against his wishes, she decided to get a job and, because it was all she could do, she had to be a waitress. By now it was nearly all over. All she had to do was to meet a handsome Irish bricklayer—which she did.

Danger Of Old Friendships

One type of conflict in marriage which appears time after time in case histories is caused by friends and colleagues. Wives frequently complain that "he thinks more of his pals at the local than he does of me." The newly-wed, in particular, is inclined to be jealous of a long-standing friendship. Then there is the young husband who stays out with his colleagues, preferring the row when he gets home to the loss in esteem through saying: "Sorry, boys, but the wife will be expecting me."

More serious problems arise when the opposite sex is involved. Kimball Young, an American sociologist, says the continuation of a friendship which existed before the marriage brings "all the traditional attitudes and ideas of sexual jealousy, of fear of infidelity, past, present and future, into play."

Another expert says the platonic friendship which begins at work is, in certain situations, more likely to lead a man to infidelity than anything else. "The conditions are ripe if his wife has no interest in the things he values most and the other woman has, whether genuine or not."

Hollywood is frequently quoted as the best example of another "occupational hazard" for husband and wife. From the high divorce rates among film and certain other workers, it has been concluded that people are more likely to seek divorce when they enjoy considerable freedom, or are on friendly terms with a large selection of the opposite sex, or a smaller, very good-looking selection. (These same conditions—or at least the first two—were, of course, widespread during the war. Enforced separations gave tens of thousands "temporary freedom." More women worked in factories; Servicemen had every opportunity for meeting women in and out of the Forces at home and overseas.)

Other conclusions have been reached from the statistics. Childlessness, for instance, is said to be conducive to divorce because in a large proportion of cases—about half in 1949—there are no children. The theory has strong support, especially among Catholics and others who deplore contraception. More than one divorce court judge has observed that "children would have made all the difference to this marriage."

According to experienced case workers, however, it is doubtful whether childlessness is a valid cause in itself, except when it is due to a physical defect. As Joseph Brayshaw, secretary of the Marriage Guidance Council, says: "Children do not necessarily make a marriage any happier. But they do tend to prevent divorce by increasing a couple's responsibilities."

Brief Shotgun Marriages

Just as the absence of children is said to cause marriage breakdown, so is their arrival, particularly when they come "before time." Of just over 700,000 maternities in England and Wales in 1949, 59,000 occurred within eight months of marriage. Of 26,800 babies born to girls aged between sixteen and nineteen, 15,700—or fifty-nine per cent—were conceived before the wedding.

From such startling figures as these, and the incidence of "forced marriage" in their own

A difficult problem is caused by the mother-in-law who arrives, in an aura of sympathy, after her husband's death. With three generations involved, conflict usually follows

work, many lawyers and social workers have deduced that here is another cause of divorce and separation. Says one legal authority in London: "I have helped to handle thousands of divorces, and I would say that the vast majority were the result of shotgun marriages."

Rising Cost Of Living

The effect of premarital intercourse or pregnancy, say the marriage guidance counsellors, is to cause mistrust, disappointment at not keeping a great experience till the time of marriage, frigidity through fear of being found out—"all of which do immeasurable harm to the marriage relationship."

With such things as the rise in forced marriage and the shortage of housing, the war has brought several new factors into the picture. But one which has been consistently blamed for the increase in divorce over the last few decades has been domestic finance. Some studies have rated economic difficulties as highly as the first and second causes of marriage failure. The problem is admittedly prominent in many case histories and in a variety of forms. The commonest these days results from the rising cost of living.

The case of a young couple married five years ago is typical. They began by allowing £3 10s. for housekeeping out of a wage of £6 10s. A few months later the wife asked for more and, after explaining how prices were rising, she got ten shillings. It was a year or so before she began to feel the pinch again. Fortunately, just at that time the husband moved to a new job, and he gave her more money for the higher-priced flat and because it was a more expensive town. He also hinted that that was the last rise she would get.

However, the town turned out to be much more expensive than either of them had realized, and the wife again had to hold out her hand for more. There was an argument. He accused her of letting the money dribble through her fingers. She never budgeted. She wasted food. Her retort was that he did not realize how much food they ate.

She Robbed Her Husband

A reconciliation duly came, and it was agreed that next week she would list all that she bought. When her husband came to examine it, he could only mildly criticize two items. Because the situation was frustrating to both of them, another minor argument flared up. All right then, they would have to cut down on some things.

For a few weeks the wife tried struggling along on reduced rations. Then, probably believing that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, she succumbed to temptation. While she was folding his trousers one evening some silver fell out. She pocketed five shillings. Next week she took an extra five shillings from their joint banking account, but omitted it on the cheque counterfoil. The week after that she took ten shillings extra. This went on for nearly three months.

The husband found her out in the worst possible circumstances: while going over his bank statement after his wife had found herself unexpectedly and unwantedly pregnant. This time the row was like nothing before. She was no better than a thief, he roared. She was disloyal in the extreme. In tears, she protested that she had to do it—and he ought to know better than to upset her now.

From then on the tension increased. The baby's arrival did not improve matters. The mother comforted herself with him, and more or less pushed her husband out of her emotional life. The climax came when he turned for his affection to another woman.

Money is not only said to be a cause of divorce when it is in short supply. Paradoxically, extra money in family incomes has played a large part in the postwar divorce rush. In 1946-7, in particular, many people (who were not eligible for the Services Divorce Scheme) were in a position to pay for a divorce for the first time. But far more important has been the fact that with increased jobs for women, more and more wives have been capable of gaining financial independence, even to the extent of maintaining a house and children.

But this "jobs for women" factor has a much wider, deeper implication. It really strikes at two of the root causes for the divorce increase: the rise and progress of industrialization and the resultant emancipation of women. The sum of expert opinion is that these two factors have been wiping out nearly all material reasons for marriage which once helped to keep the family together.

Not so long ago, when a young man sought a wife, he wanted more than a lover, a companion or a bed-mate. Most everyday necessities were home produced. His wife, therefore, was baker, clothier, dry-cleaner, laundress and a host of other things all in one. In addition, she often brought another pair of hands to his farm or his business. Without a wife a man was pretty helpless. And, since she had no means of livelihood, she was even more dependent on him.

Now, with most things factory made and shop bought, these mutual needs have gone. The husband is no longer necessarily the breadwinner, the head of the house. Today a wife may speak her mind.

Misery From Equality

At this point the expert conclusions divide. Some say that the new basis of marriage—co-operation, not dominance—has created fresh problems, that people will take time to get satisfactorily adjusted to them, and that divorce is the result meanwhile.

Others, not denying the problems of co-operation, say that sex equality has unleashed a vast amount of unhappiness in marriage and that this is the real cause of divorce. A happier way of expressing this last conclusion, as one psychiatrist puts it, is to say that men and women are groping towards an improvement in their married status: women because the whole thing has opened up afresh for them; men because they have to seek new emotional foundations now that the pattern of dominance has been knocked from under them.

Psychiatric opinion—and this includes many

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"Well, well," Martell said, "this certainly is news. But is that all you stopped me for?" The officer said: "I am afraid you do not understand"

Seven hours to safety

by GEORGE BOYD

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT TIGNER

Martell didn't know much about politics, and he cared less. But he knew men and ships. He knew them well enough to take a risk that could blow his ship sky high

THE FAINT TINKLE of the engine-room telegraph brought Martell out of his sweat-sodden afternoon doze. Instinctively he glanced at the clock on the bulkhead facing him and then, aware by the altered beat of the engines that the ship was slowing down, he swung his legs out of his bunk and reached for his uniform cap in one familiar motion. His hand was already at the voice-pipe when it squealed at him.

"What are you doing with my ship, Mac?" he asked.

"Better come up, Skip," said the voicepipe. "We've got visitors."

The heat hit him in the face as he stepped out on the bridge; the corded rail of the companion ladder was hot under his hand. Coming so suddenly from the half-light of the cabin into the blazing sunshine he blinked. Already he was sweating and sticky with it.

The sky was a bright, brazen blue that hurt the eyes, the sea the colour of pale treacle, through which the ten thousand tons of the *Iron Wizard* slid as unemotionally as a crocodile through a lake. There was hardly a breath of air—there seldom was here. On both hands the land crouched flat, lifeless and barren. They had rounded the point and were entering the gulf—this was its narrow mouth. Soon it would open out and they would be spared the close-up of these uninviting shores.

MacEndrick was standing at the starboard rail, glasses to his eyes. He did not turn his head as Martell joined him. They were an old, familiar partnership, these two, with five years as a team on the gulf-run behind them.

Martell screwed his eyes against the dancing heat haze and the dull glint of the sultry waters. Half a mile off the starboard bow, a ship was rounding the headland and gliding smartly towards them, almost as if she had been waiting for them. From her signal mast fluttered a string of colours.

"What's she selling?" asked Martell. He reached for his own binoculars from the navigation table.

"Telling us to stop." MacEndrick wiped the sweat off his face. "Corvette by the looks of her."

Martell saw her more clearly now, could pick

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Jack Cardiff's magic box

by KEITH ELLIS

It's the film photographer's job always to show the stars in the right light. Sometimes it means making sure that his cameras lie

"I have to do tricks with shadows," says Jack Cardiff. He must emphasize stars' good points and conceal their faults. There is one noted beauty he must photograph only from the left

FOR THE BULL-FIGHT SCENES in *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*, Jack Cardiff, the film's director of photography, decided to rely for most of his shots on a camera placed on the lower tier of the amphitheatre of a Spanish bull-ring. One of his team suggested, however, that additional close-ups could probably be obtained through a hole in the barrier which cuts off the arena from the surrounding corridor. Cardiff agreed, but local officials tried to dissuade him. "It will be very dangerous," they said. "Don't you know that bulls sometimes leap the barrier?" Cardiff had seen several bull-fights, and in none of them had the bull left the arena. "Put the camera in the corridor," he ordered.

The bull trotted into the arena, hesitated while its eyes grew accustomed to the sun, then neatly leaped the barrier. The camera crew also leaped the barrier, but in the opposite direction, and they left the camera behind them. Rounding a bend, the bull saw its menacing shape blocking the way ahead. It stopped, puzzled; then, lowering its head, prepared for a charge. As it gathered speed the crew operating the other camera leaned forward and grabbed the threatened camera by its magazine. The bull thundered on, hit the tripod squarely and smashed it to smithereens. "Fortunately," says Cardiff, "we just managed to save the camera itself."

The nearest he had previously been to losing a camera was in the studios at Pinewood. He was making shots of "drowning" men for *Western Approaches*. A box large enough for himself and the camera had been fitted with a glass panel and placed in a tank with the top just above water. As it was unstable, a dozen stage-hands had to keep it steady by standing on planks across the top. Cardiff was congratulating himself on a good morning's work when someone shouted "break for lunch" and the stage-hands jumped off their planks. Slowly the box, with Cardiff and the camera inside, rolled over. "Somehow we got it out," he says.

Cardiff is now a full cameraman, lighting cameraman or, more formally, director of photography, with a crew of assistants including an operative cameraman who actually swings the camera. In spite of a well-receded hairline, he looks rather younger than his thirty-seven years, dresses casually and has a wide range of interests. The list of films he has photographed includes nearly every British Technicolor success since the war, and he has collected a string of international honours. He won the 1947 Academy Award for the best colour photography of the year in *Black Narcissus*, which Hitchcock liked so much that he bought a copy so that his own cameramen could see how he wanted certain sequences lighted.

Wanted To See The World

Cardiff's oustanding success makes his original reason for becoming a cameramen seem somewhat comic: he just wanted to travel. He has, however, fulfilled that ambition. Besides Spain for *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*, he visited the Sudan for *The Four Feathers*, Egypt for *Caesar and Cleopatra* and India for *Black Narcissus*. On location in Uganda and the Belgian Congo, he caught, like everyone else in the unit, malaria and dysentery. The malaria was new, but he had had dysentery before, when he made *The Black Rose* in Morocco.

One of a team which made the *World Window* series of travelogues before the war, he travelled through most of the Middle East and India. He shared a Bedouin tent with some goats, hunted tigers in Mysore and was shot at by Arab bandits near Nazareth. When they photographed an eruption of Vesuvius, the ground near the crater was so hot that they had to run forward, place the camera in position and run back to a cooler place while the film ran through. Even so, their shoe soles crumpled under the heat, the tripod legs were burnt and the blue paint of the camera was scorched to a dirty brown.

Western Approaches provided a complete contrast, for Cardiff had to spend almost every day for six months in a lifeboat off Anglesey. It was winter and he was seasick most of the time. For the same film, he and his camera were strapped to the mast of what was supposed to be a sinking U-boat. "The commander had assured me he could stop the dive with me still out of the water. He did—but not until I could feel the swell lapping my shoulders." On this occasion, he avoided pneumonia. He was not so lucky during the filming of *Scott of the Antarctic*, when he caught it through the interaction of hot studio lighting and screen snow which, though artificial, was still frozen.

For the film version of C. S. Forester's novel *African Queen*, a section of the tiny river-steamer, *African Queen*, was reconstructed on a raft on the Congo. Cardiff had trained his lamps and Technicolor camera on Katharine Hepburn, who was standing under a tarpaulin canopy immediately behind a huge copper boiler which vomited thick black smoke. The boiler was rumbling menacingly. Cardiff knew that the pressure inside was nearing danger-point, and wondered whether John Huston, the director, would finish the four-minute scene before it burst. If it blew up, most of the people on the raft would be seriously scalded.

Suddenly, he noticed someone at the front of the raft making frantic gestures. Immediately

Jack Cardiff was chosen as director of photography for the film industry's Festival picture *The Magic Box*. Here he demonstrates a magic lantern to Margaret Johnston and Robert Donat

ahead, the river made a turn to the left. The towing-launch had changed course but was unable to pull round the raft, which was being swept by the current straight into a mass of overhanging branches along the bank. The boiler seemed almost certain to be swept over.

Oblivious, the director went on with the scene. Dressed in lace and long skirts, Katharine Hepburn continued to play her rôle as a 1914 missionary fleeing from the Germans in East Africa. "No one shouted," says Cardiff, "for there is a tradition that the scene must never be spoilt. We hoped it would be finished before the impact." At the last possible moment, someone touched Huston's arm. The crash came immediately. Everything more than six feet high was torn away. The mast snapped, the lamps tumbled overboard. Hit squarely by a thick branch, the boiler teetered towards the camera crew. Huston flung himself over Katharine Hepburn. The boiler toppled right to its point of balance, hung poised for a moment, then swayed slowly upright and settled "with a bang that bounced the entire raft."

Long Climb To The Top

These were the adventures Cardiff dreamed about when he became Vichy-water boy at fifteen shillings a week to a silent-picture producer, after a breaking voice had abruptly ended his career as a boy film star. Although he had joined the camera staff because he wanted to travel, it was not until he had climbed laboriously to the rank of staff cameraman with Technicolor that he got his chance in the travelogue series. Between whiles, he made short topical films on such subjects as the Coronation, and was loaned occasionally to other companies making colour films. One of these was *The Four Feathers*. Then came the war.

From then on, Cardiff did the "charwoman's work" of the cinema—toothpaste advertisements, propaganda and training films. "But it was invaluable to me, for I had time to experiment." Though never in uniform, he made films with all three Services. In Scotland, while taking shots of Nissen huts on a lonely east-coast beach, he was hauled off to the police station as a suspicious character. When he produced the special identity card provided by M.I.5 for just such an occasion, the dour Scots bobby waved it away with an impatient "Och, how do I know it's not a forgery?"

Towards the end of the war, as second-unit cameraman, he was lighting a row of animals' heads on a wall for *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, when Michael Powell came across and said: "That looks good. Would you like to work on a film for me?" Cardiff agreed enthusiastically. "You'll hear from me in twelve months' time," said Powell. Cardiff wondered whether this was his long-hoped-for opportunity to break away from second-unit work, or whether it was just another idle promise of the film trade. A year later, almost to the day, Powell asked if he would like to make *A Matter of Life and Death*. The resulting film won a cameraman's poll in the United States. "I owe everything to Michael Powell," says Cardiff. "At last I had something to show." Last year he was director of photography for the film industry's Festival film, *The Magic Box*.

Cardiff sees famous actors and actresses in a somewhat different light from their fans. "When they're in front of the camera, they're very nervous, worried people," he says. They ask him to emphasize their good points and conceal the bad ones, so that the profile of one noted beauty is always taken from the left, and another is never photographed in a three-quarters light because it makes her look as if she has a broken nose. "So many of our stars wear toupees that just can't be disguised," says Cardiff.

"I have to do tricks with shadows. I had to make one middle-aged actor into a boy of twenty-two. He looked as though he had one foot in the grave. By ordinary technical standards, I sometimes have to light badly. To make a character look sad or ridiculous, I use an ugly cross light which catches the nose. I deliberately shoot slums in bad light. The experts would say that such shots were underexposed, but they're right for the scene. They suggest misery."

Out Of Focus—To Order

On *Black Narcissus*, Cardiff shot some dawn scenes with a fog filter to give the effect of a light mist. Next day, a report came from the laboratories that the shots were out of focus and would have to be taken again. As this was to have been Deborah Kerr's last day, there was great consternation, for all sorts of contract difficulties would arise if she was needed again. The rushes were sent over and Cardiff watched them anxiously with Michael Powell. "Why, that's just the effect we wanted. They're fine," said Powell. "Technically they were out of focus," says Cardiff, "but, after all, it *was* a shot of a misty dawn."

Cardiff's most difficult film was *Under Capricorn*. To save money, Hitchcock had decided to take every reel without a break, compressing what was normally three or four weeks' work into ten minutes. This in itself was bound to present the cameraman with some tricky technical problems. Hitchcock decided, however, that, during the ten minutes, he would not confine his characters to a single set as in *Rope*, but would have them wandering through a six-roomed Georgian house. Every room had to be lit at once, every angle covered.

"Quite apart from the physical difficulty of placing the lights out of the camera's range," says Cardiff, "there was the apparently hopeless problem of avoiding shadows and variations. I spent days working it all out on paper before experimenting on the set." He finally arranged a system of electrically operated sliding doors and retractable lights. Regretfully, he comments: "I had always wanted to photograph Bergman and, now that I had the chance, I had to do it in handcuffs." THE END

Turmoil to the rescue

A FORTNIGHT AGO the British tug *Turmoil* was speeding through the Atlantic rollers towards the crippled *Flying Enterprise* and her stay-put captain, Kurt Carlsen. . . . The dramatic story of the work of the *Turmoil*—one of the largest ocean rescue tugs in the world—and of the experiences of her captain, Frederick Parker, is told in an exciting article by Christopher Miller in JOHN BULL next week.

Here is a full account of how ocean rescues are made. Every rescue is a grim battle with the sea—and the contract is: No cure, no pay.

RELUCTANT STAR-MAKER

Also in JOHN BULL *next week* . . . The astonishing success story of Jack De Leon, the impresario who has turned unknowns into a long list of big names, the dreamer who is bored with his own triumphs, who meant to be a lawyer until he was pushed into the job that made him famous.

Priests of the Great Saint Bernard hospice (Canon Clivaz is fourth from left). The stuffed dog is one of the most celebrated of the Barry dynasty

Heroes of the St. Bernard Pass

by JEAN-PAUL PENEZ

Father Droz knew that the men were smugglers. But true to the tradition of the brave monks of St. Bernard hospice, he set out in the snow to guide them—and the mountains claimed him

IN THE MORNING of November 18 last year, two men faced each other in the study of the Prior of the Great Saint Bernard hospice, in the mountains along the Swiss-Italian border. One was the Prior himself, Canon Clivaz. The other, sturdy and with the weather-beaten face of a mountain guide, was Father Droz, the youngest member of the hospice community.

"Prior," said Father Droz, "there are six workers who say they must cross the Barasson Pass today. I ask your permission to go as their guide." The Prior gave permission, adding: "The mountain is threatening. Set your conscience in order." And at ten o'clock he stood at the door of the hospice to watch the seven men leave. "Go in the protection of God and Saint Bernard," he said.

Father Droz, a qualified guide, led the way on skis. The six men who followed him were Italian smugglers, trafficking between Switzerland and Italy. Droz knew this, but at the hospice Christian charity makes no distinction between "workers," whatever their work may be.

It was soon obvious that the crossing would be difficult. The wind had swept up tons of soft snow, and the ground was bad underfoot. Even in snowshoes, they were sinking to their knees at every step. The mild temperature presaged an avalanche and, for fear that any noise would bring it sweeping down upon them, the men pressed forward without a word. At the end of an hour, a thick mist was blanketing them. "Wait for me here," Father Droz said in a low voice. "I am going to see what the snow looks like higher up." He went forward and was soon swallowed up in the mist. Suddenly the men heard a shout and a low rumble. They drew back and crouched in the snow as the avalanche swept past. It was eleven fifteen.

The Prior received the news by telephone a few minutes later. He organized a rescue party of four canons and two Swiss Customs men. As the Prior led them on skis towards the pass, they heard the dogs baying in the kennels. But today the dogs were not needed, for the party knew exactly where the accident had happened.

Under the constant threat of another avalanche, the rescue party plumbed the snow with six-foot rods. Guides joined them from the nearest village in the valley, Bourg-Saint-Pierre, and they continued to probe the snow, knowing that every minute reduced the chance of finding Father Droz alive. But it was not until night had fallen, black, heavy, without stars or moon, that one of the customs men found Father Droz's hand buried a foot below the snow. They tried artificial respiration while the rest of the body was being uncovered. But they were too late—when a doctor arrived from the nearest town he confirmed that Father Droz had died of suffocation.

Next morning, the Italians, who had been forced to take refuge in the hospice again, attended the funeral service. Immediately afterwards, they informed the Prior that they intended to make another attempt to cross the pass, despite the continuing bad weather. The Prior assembled the canons: "Who will volunteer to accompany these travellers to the valley of Aosta?" Every one of them raised his hand.

The death of Father Droz is little more than a commonplace episode in the history of the canons of the Great Saint Bernard hospice. Ten centuries old, the hospice was founded by Bernard de Menthon, whom Pius XI created "patron saint of mountaineers" in 1923. The Fathers of Saint Bernard carry the title of Canons of Saint Augustin and are governed by Mgr. Adam, an abbot with the rank of bishop, responsible directly to the Pope. The community of more than ninety members (canons, monks and lay brothers) serves the hospice together with nine parishes in the Swiss canton of Sion and colleges at Lausanne and Martigny. At the moment there are only seven men at the hospice: three canons, two brothers and two novices.

Supersensitive Hearing

Eight thousand feet up on the Swiss side of the frontier, the hospice buildings are as massive as an ancient fortress and could accommodate many hundreds of people in the dormitories. The hospice is open day and night, and any traveller may have shelter for as long as he likes, without payment.

The canons' only companions are their dogs. Since the installation of refuge huts with telephones every two kilometres, the rôle of the dogs in search parties has diminished. But their instinct and supersensitive hearing are still of vital importance when the mist comes down. Bred from Great Danes and Pyrenean dogs for

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The boy in the tunnel

by ***JOHN PREBBLE***

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD LAMPITT

They said the dog was bad, but it had accepted him as a friend. How could he betray its hiding place?

ANDY MARLOWE, SITTING BY THE road and thinking that it was now time he went home to his aunt, saw a dog pass through a break in the blackthorn hedge and stand in the open field before him.

Not only was it unusual to see a dog there on the upland road in winter, but there was also something strange about this animal. It was limping, and it ran curiously, with its head slung below the hump of its shoulders.

Andy's interest was immediately quickened. The boy and the dog were the only living things on the shoulder of the hill. The frost had immobilized the sparse ring of elms halfway down the slope, and the furrows of the fields were white, frozen waves.

The wind, when Andy faced it to watch the dog, pressed painfully across his eyes. Earlier in the afternoon he had been intrigued by the fact that this brought tears to his eyes, although he was happy enough and had no wish to cry. Now the pain only reminded him how much warmer it would be in the valley below. Yet, because he was puzzled by the sudden appearance of the dog, he waited for it to reach him.

The road where he waited was a lonely, hedgeless shelf along the side of the hill. A culvert passed under it, from ditch to ditch, a large cement tube about ten yards long and wide enough for a man to pass through if he crawled on his hands and knees. At either end of the culvert, at road level, was a little stone balustrade.

Andy sat down on this, tucked his hands under his armpits. and watched the dog.

He whistled sibilantly and unmusically through the gap in his front teeth. He was a young boy, nine, or perhaps ten, and his clothes, which rested on him with an air of untidy reluctance, were much too large for him. His pale hair fell in spikes across his forehead, and last summer's freckles were still on his cheeks.

Every day when he was not at school, he came up here to the lonely road. He liked to watch the infrequent vehicles that made their way over the hill-road, fitting them into his imaginative dreaming. This afternoon there had been none at all; the dog was all he had seen.

It had occurred to him, now and then, that it would be more pleasant to play with boys of his own age in the village. But he felt no sadness about it. Somehow he had grown used to loneliness. The war had taken his parents. His Aunt Martha, whose charge he had become, was an arid, if kindly, spinster with no children of her own.

There was another reason why he found it hard to match himself against the quick bodies and ardent spirits of other boys. As he swung his legs over the culvert there was an ugly jangle from the iron frame that encased his right leg. He had lived with that, or another like it, for so long that he had almost ceased to question its right to shackle his body.

The dog had not seen him. He knew that by the way it came, nose down, swaying across the earth. Every few yards it stopped and raised its wounded paw. Before the animal reached the road the bleeding leg gave way and precipitated the dog into the trough of a furrow. It made no immediate attempt to rise, but lay there panting with its head on the crystalled clay.

When the dog fell, it disappeared from Andy's sight, as if the field had suddenly swallowed it. The boy pulled himself to his feet and, with his shoulders hunched, his hands still beneath his arms, he began to walk along the road, looking out across the field.

He walked in an oddly unbalanced way himself, his right shoulder slipping down and forward with each step, and the iron struts on his right leg and foot struck a malevolent music from the gravel. But he did not reach the dog, for, even while he opened his mouth to call to it, he heard the sound of a car. He turned at once and waited for it.

The car was still a long way off. Andy could just make out the weak light of its headlamps in the dusk.

He walked back to the culvert and sat on the balustrade. The car approached noisily. It was an old car and open; a pennant of steam fluttered from its radiator-cap. Two men sat in front, and between them was the long black finger of a twelve-bore shotgun. Andy saw it quite plainly as the car stopped beside him. And, quite suddenly, he was nervous and self-conscious.

"Here, son! Come here a minute."

HE slipped off the balustrade and limped towards the vehicle. He felt the eyes of the men staring at him curiously, and he was frightened. He kept his own eyes on the great gun on the seat between them.

The driver said, gruffly but kindly: "Seen a dog, sonny? A dog with a broken paw?"

Andy did not answer. His mouth was dry. Then the other man smacked his hand on the stock of the twelve-bore and shouted: "A big, black brute. You'd know it if you saw it. He could chew you in two."

Andy kept silent.

"Speak up! What's the matter with you? You know me, don't you?"

Andy nodded.

"Who am I?"

"Mr. Weston, the bailiff."

The driver leant back from the steering wheel and released the handbrake. He hasn't seen it," he said. "Let's go on."

The dog stopped at the edge

"He's seen it," said Weston. "Look at his face." He swung his own face down, over the side of the car, to the boy's level. It was a big face, red and, to Andy, suddenly hateful. But before he could say any more, the car jerked forward and flung the man back in his seat.

The car lurched away down the road, and along the furrow the dog slowly raised itself to its feet. When Andy turned to the field again, he saw it. He watched it curiously as it moved towards the road, the wind ruffling the fur on its spine.

Andy leant down and eased his fingers between the strap of his leg-iron and then limped back to the culvert.

The dog was only fifteen yards away. It snarled at every clod of earth it dislodged.

When it was ten yards from the mouth of the culvert, the animal raised its head slowly and saw the boy. It stopped, pulling its injured paw up to its body and leaning back on its haunches. It snarled, but it was frightened. The darkness, coming behind it, almost obscured the outline of its body, and when it snarled it seemed to twist the air in its throat. But the boy was not afraid. He left the road and crossed over to the field.

He came within a few yards of the dog and stopped. He stared down at the animal's crooked

f the field and snarled, holding up its injured paw. Andy was not afraid. He came closer. "Here! Good dog! Here!" he called, and held out his hand

leg. The dog did not move, but the wind trembled the thick hair about its throat.

"Here! Good dog! Here!" Andy held out his fingers and snapped them. The dog cowered away from him, and then, painfully, it went into the dark mouth of the culvert.

Andy watched it, puzzled. He did not know why the dog had run from him, for he had always been able to make friends with animals. He slithered down into the ditch and walked along to the culvert cautiously, and when he reached it he stopped, apprehensive for the first time. He was thinking of the men in the car and the long shadow of Weston's gun.

He thought of going home now. He was cold, and he was beginning to feel hungry. But the behaviour of the dog still perplexed him. He bent, carefully, and peered into the round circle of darkness. Dry reeds, frozen and crisp, had been crushed by the dog, and the ice on the shallow water was broken.

Andy plucked up his courage and called coaxingly, and he thought he heard an answering snarl from the animal. He moved closer to the culvert opening; not without difficulty, for he had to drag behind him the uncomfortable weight of his leg-iron. At first he saw only the narrowing tunnel, with a faint circle of light at the other end. Then, in the darkness, he saw the sharp flicker of the dog's eyes.

He crawled inside, snapped his fingers and called again. Now he could see the faint shape of the dog, lying among the broken ice three yards inside the culvert, its head on its forepaws, weakly licking the blood from its wound.

INSIDE the culvert, away from the wind, it was warmer. But the ice broke beneath his weight and Andy felt the water seeping through his trousers. In that narrow, confined space, his iron-encased leg was a great handicap and he pulled it beneath him. He sat contentedly a yard from the dog and smiled at it, his hands tucked beneath his arms for warmth. The dog growled but it did not move.

Andy began to talk to the animal, incoherently at first, and then pleadingly. "Good dog," he said. "There's a good boy." He flicked his fingers. "All right. Good boy. It's only me."

Slowly Andy took his hands from beneath his arms, placed them on the floor of the culvert and edged himself towards the dog. The leg-iron squealed on the rough cement and the dog raised its muzzle again warningly. Andy stretched out his hand. The dog drew back its lips. It made no sound, but its yellow eyes stared.

"Good boy!"

His heart beating faster, breath held with apprehension, Andy lowered his trembling hand and rested it on the dog's skull. The dog did not move.

Andy felt a thrill of pride and happiness. He began to stroke the animal gently, shifting his body until his thighs rested by the animal's thin ribs. He passed his fingers down the dog's shoulder until he reached the injured paw.

"Good boy!" he said again, tremulously. He sat there patiently, and he heard the singing, painful sound of the animal's breathing. He heard the wind whistling along the ditch. It was bitterly cold, but pride and happiness in having made friends with the dog made him reluctant to leave.

As he moved his fingers towards the injured paw, he felt the wet jaws of the dog close suddenly on his hand. Although the tooth-points pricked his flesh, the jaws did not close.

"Good dog!" said Andy softly. "Good dog, then. I want to help you."

He took his hand from the paw and searched in his pockets for his handkerchief, dipping it among the broken ice. He patted the wound with the wet cloth. The dog's flesh was hot and moist and Andy felt suddenly sick, but because the dog did not move, he went on until he felt certain that the wound was clean. Then he tied the handkerchief about the paw. He whispered reassuringly. In the silence he pulled himself close to the animal and laid his arm comfortingly along its flank.

Night began to close the culvert at each end. Andy forgot that he was hungry and cold. He

Continued on page 31

My inquisition at 60 Stalin Avenue

by ROBERT A. VOGELER
with Leigh White

Day after day, the pitiless questioning went on . . . until, seventy-one days after he had been arrested fleeing from Hungary, Vogeler agreed to sign anything

AFTER I HAD SIGNED a "confession" admitting unspecified acts of sabotage, I was forced by my Hungarian inquisitors to write my "autobiography"—answers to questions concerning my alleged activities as an "agent" of the U.S. intelligence services, and of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

As I was deprived of food and sleep until I answered the questions, my only recourse was to make them as ridiculous as I could. Once, when the inquisitor I call Number One asked me to describe my "confederates," I wrote an imaginative essay about such sinister American capitalists as Abner Yokum and Senator Claghorn, two popular comic-strip characters.

For four days I was quartered in the little room on the fourth floor of 60 Stalin Avenue, the Budapest headquarters of AVO, the Hungarian section of the Russian political police. Then I was moved downstairs to a large windowless room on the second floor, next to a room in which other prisoners, women as well as men, were tortured every night. Their screams of pain were obviously calculated to drive me to despair.

The electric lights were never turned off and I was never left alone. Four guards were almost always present. During waking hours I was forced to sit at a desk and write my "autobiography." During sleeping hours I was forced to lie on a daybed with my face exposed to the light. I was never allowed to sleep for more than three hours at a stretch. I was now fed three times a day. Breakfast consisted of black bread and watery coffee; lunch of bread and watery soup; supper of bread and herb tea and an occasional chunk of sausage. Although I rapidly lost weight, I suffered more from lack of cleanliness than from lack of nourishment. I was not shaved until December 17, the day on which I was allowed to take my first shower bath. Thereafter I was shaved and showered every Saturday morning.

On the wall of my room was a Russian poster depicting a godlike Stalin beaming on an endless procession of deliriously happy workers, peasants and children. On the opposite wall was a slogan in Hungarian—"*Egyesult, Eros, Boldog!*"—"United, Strong, Happy!"

Sometimes the agonized screams that emerged from the next room were more than I could bear in silence. But whenever I protested, the guards warned me to keep quiet if I did not want to be given the same treatment myself. In the beginning the guards had treated me with distant contempt. Now they began to browbeat me at every opportunity.

Men armed with sub-machine guns guard Number 60 Stalin Avenue, Budapest. It was here, at the headquarters of Red Hungary's political police, that Vogeler was held and interrogated

Chance To Reconsider

On November 30, 1950, I was taken to see Number One for the last time. My autobiography, which now totalled several hundred pages, was piled on his desk. With a melodramatic gesture he swept it into his waste-paper basket. "Rubbish," he said. "You write nothing but rubbish. You will now be given an opportunity to reconsider your folly."

A guard brought me my topcoat, and I was led out through a courtyard. Along the wall of a former cinema were several lean-tos. In one of them I was ordered to strip. Two guards again examined my clothing. The only thing they found that had previously been overlooked was the metal clasp that held the tops of my trousers together. They ripped it off. They also ripped the heel pads out of my shoes and confiscated my shirt, socks and underwear.

I was told to dress and was then led through another lean-to into the former cinema, which was full of makeshift cells. Here I was thoroughly frisked, and led down a rickety wooden stairway to another prison beneath the courtyard.

My own cell was in a far corner beneath the wall of the former cinema. It was a cold, damp, airless cubicle that measured nine by six feet. Its only furniture was a bunk made of angle iron and wooden slats, the legs of which were firmly cemented into the floor. There was a blanket, but no mattress. The door, which was of solid steel, contained a square peephole covered with a loose steel plate. Ten times every hour, day and night, a guard would go by, swinging back the plates and peering into every cell.

The prisoner in the cell next to mine, I

Twelve hours after he had been freed, Robert Vogeler was interviewed by newspapermen in Vienna. Beside him was Lucile, his wife, who led the agitation for his release

gathered from the sound of her heels, was a woman. She was frequently taken out for questioning. So were most of the other prisoners, some of whom were so badly hurt that they had to be carried back to their cells.

My Second Inquisitor

I was kept in the dungeon without being questioned for a full ten days. Then I was taken to meet my second inquisitor. Number Two, as I shall call him, was also a lieutenant-colonel. He was a short, dark man with a sagging left shoulder. Although he wore no moustache and was a sloppy dresser, he strongly resembled Gabor Peter, the chief of the AVO, in his physical appearance. Indeed, I suspect that on certain occasions he acted as Peter's double. He was a chain-smoker of cigarettes, which he inserted into quill and cardboard holders. He never used a holder more than once, and wherever he went he carried two boxes with him, one full of cigarettes and the other full of holders.

Although his name was never mentioned in my presence, Number Two was somewhat more communicative than Number One. He boasted of the part he had played in extracting Cardinal Mindszenty's confession, and he assured me that he expected to have no difficulty in extracting mine. "Before I'm finished," he said, "we'll know everything there is to know about you. If Mindszenty told me what I wanted him to tell me, so will you. Make no mistake about it."

One of Number Two's first acts was to take me in to see Gabor Peter again. I was shocked at the sight of myself in the mirrored hallway. I looked like a tramp. My eyes were bleary, my hair was matted and my face was covered with a three weeks' growth of beard. I normally weighed twelve stone, but I doubt if I then weighed more than 8½ stone.

"Have you been cold?" asked Peter, smiling.

"Yes."

"You seem to have lost some weight. Don't you like our food?" I made no reply.

"I want to help you," he said. "Is there anything you'd like?"

I told him that I would like to take a bath, and to shave or be shaved, and that I would also like to be given back my socks, shirt and underwear. My requests were subsequently granted. "You didn't heed my warning," Peter said. "You know now that we can make life very unpleasant for you if we must. Now that you've had time to think things over, what is your decision?"

"I can't confess to crimes that I haven't committed," I said.

Peter smiled. "We've now arrested eighty people," he said, "each of whom has identified you as the leader of his spy ring. You have no choice but to confess."

I Meet My Cellmate

Instead of being taken back to the dungeon, after Peter had dismissed me, I was placed in a large and relatively comfortable cell in the former cinema. This time I had a cellmate. He was a dark, heavy man, dressed in filthy grey flannels, a ragged sweater and a British sports jacket that was out at the elbows. His laceless shoes were worn down on the outer edges and he walked with a painful limp.

"Cseresnyes Sandor," he said, holding out his hand. He gave me his last name first, in the Hungarian manner, and pronounced it as if it were spelled "Chereshnyesh."

Our cell measured ten feet by eight. It contained two bunks with a table between them and two chairs facing the table. As in the dungeon, the furniture had been cemented into the floor. On the white plaster walls were fingernail hieroglyphics. One of them read: "My darling, I love you. I shall die but I am innocent." The door, which was made of steel bars, was covered on the outside by a white sheet hung like a shower curtain on sliding steel rings. A guard would slide the sheet back to observe us at regular intervals.

There were some women prisoners in the former cinema, as we could tell by the sound of their heels, and Cseresnyes would often amuse himself describing to me what he imagined to be their physical characteristics.

I was to spend the next sixty-nine days in the same cell with Cseresnyes, and would get to know him rather well. He told me that he had been a witness against his best friend and former chief, Laszlo Rajk, who had been hanged following his conviction in September, 1949.

Cseresnyes and Rajk had both fought in the Spanish Civil War as members of the Rakosi Battalion of the International Brigade. They had subsequently been interned together in France. Cseresnyes had later been sent to North Africa, where he was liberated following the Anglo-American invasion.

In 1947, after several years of service in the British Army, he had returned to Hungary to take his place in the new Communist régime. Rajk by then had become Minister of Internal Affairs, and he rewarded his old comrade by making him his information officer.

Beaten On Bare Feet

Following Tito's break with Stalin, Rajk became the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Within a few months he was arrested by his former AVO employees, and charged with leading a Titoist conspiracy. Most of his friends, and particularly those who had served with him in Spain, were also arrested. Several of them, including Cseresnyes, had been tortured until they agreed to bear false witness against him.

Cseresnyes took off his shoes and socks and pulled up his trousers. His feet and ankles were covered with ugly haemorrhagic patches. He had been made to lie on his stomach, he told me, on the floor of his inquisitor's office. Two subordinates had sat on him to prevent him from moving, while a third had beaten his feet and ankles with a rubber truncheon until he vomited from the pain. The treatment was repeated daily for a week until he finally agreed to tell

the lies that were necessary to convict Rajk for treason, subversion and espionage.

"My peasant origin was against me," he said. "I didn't come from a 'cultured' family."

The Russian police, he explained, had learned from experience that most "cultured" people failed to react to violent torture. Too many of them died without confessing. Yet almost all "cultured" people confessed in the end if they were properly conditioned. Threatening their loved ones, Cseresnyes said, was the most effective means.

If hostages were unavailable, the same result could be achieved more slowly by subjecting them to prolonged lack of sleep, malnutrition and excessive stimulation.

Water Cure Torture

"Uncultured" people, he told me, were much less susceptible to suggestion. Their lack of imagination was such that they could resist non-violent torture indefinitely. The prescribed treatment in Hungary, therefore, was the bastinado. If the bastinado failed to produce the desired results, the water cure was then applied—a cold-water enema prolonged to the point of death.

Christmas and New Year's Day came and went; Standard Budapest and all other foreign companies were expropriated; and on January 3, the U.S. Government ordered the closing of the Hungarian consulates in Cleveland and New York.

I was, of course, unaware of any of these developments, although I was still being interrogated. I was confronted with Zoltan Rado, Mrs. Zador and other witnesses and co-defendants, all of whom denounced me as the leader of their "spy ring."

In the meantime I was interrogated by two Russian inquisitors, who attempted, without success, to force me to admit that I had reported regularly on Russian troop movements in Eastern Europe. A Czechoslovak inquisitor attempted, also without success, to force me to admit that my "real" purpose in visiting Czechoslovakia had been to obtain secret information regarding uranium.

But, though I still held out, my will to resist was gradually being sapped. My autobiography now totalled about 1,000 pages. Number Two badgered me without respite until, in the hope of avoiding major admissions, I made a number of minor admissions, each of which was then used to make me admit a little more.

On January 27, 1950, I was finally broken down. For seventy days I had nourished the fading hope that the legation would somehow be able to procure my release. But nothing had happened, and on the seventy-first day I surrendered to despair.

Sixty-page Confession

Convinced at last that I had indeed been abandoned, I told Number Two that I would sign anything if he would only cease his merciless inquisition.

Number Two, with my help, now prepared a super-confession that ran to more than sixty pages. This time, instead of attempting to minimize my "crimes," I attempted to multiply them to such an extent that no one but a Communist could possibly believe that I was guilty.

I was apparently successful for, as my friends were able to demonstrate, I confessed at my forthcoming trial to more than 200 acts that I could not possibly have committed.

NEXT WEEK: The grim farce of my "trial." I am found guilty

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

I AM afraid this photo of the angelic choirboy is rather a sham. I was always a bit of an actor, and, standing in front of the camera with my cassock on and very conscious of being the leader of the choir at our local Liverpool church, I rose to the occasion.

But when the eye of authority was not on me, I was rather a little terror. About this time I rose to another occasion, far more uncomfortable.

The sexton, who usually tolled the bell, was ill and they sent over to the choir for a volunteer toller. Although I was the tich of the lot, I pushed myself forward and was left to it without any instructions. I didn't know about letting go of the rope and, after the first pull down, I was carried upwards to the roof and crashed into it. The next thing I knew, I was on the floor with a huge and painful bump on my head and surrounded by anxious faces.

I was not much of a scholar and got on to a very fortunate idea—entertaining the wounded soldiers. I was a boy soprano and greatly in demand. About twice a week I got off either afternoon school or my homework. This—I soon decided—is the life. Then two tragedies occurred: my voice broke and it was discovered I needed glasses to read the music.

Nothing daunted, I sold my old music, bought "Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers," and became a comic. I had always been the chirpy one at school or in the choir, so it came naturally.

At the concerts I met a pram salesman called Tommy Handley, who was about eight years older than I. The next I heard, he'd gone on the variety stage, and from then on, there was only one ambition for me.

He has since fulfilled his ambition. For his name, turn to page 34

TIGER IN THE SMOKE

Continued from page 10

peered anxiously down the line. Any incoming engine must crush him, but at the moment there was no sign of one, only the fog and the coloured lights.

He slipped back and made another effort, just as Campion's lean arm shot out and caught him by the collar. At the same moment, Luke appeared behind him and the train became alive with spectators. Windows rattled down, heads were thrust out, and the shrill clatter of voices broke over them in a wave. Luke dropped on to the line with unexpected lightness. He was in perfect condition, lithe and powerful. He caught the stranger by the waist, heaved him into Campion's arms, and vaulted up beside him, his hat still in place.

A white face with narrow, black, frightened eyes looked up at them. All the soldierliness had vanished. The swagger had melted and the body shrunk into the clothes. The moustache looked enormous and ridiculous. He made no sound at all, but stood shaking and twitching, ready to run again the moment the grip on his arm should relax.

"Oh . . . oh, I'm so sorry. How crazy of me. Now I see him close he's not even like him."

They had not noticed Meg come up and her wondering voice took them by surprise. She was staring at the captive in bewilderment, the colour pouring into her face, relief fighting with disappointment in her eyes.

"It was at that distance—I could have sworn, I don't know why. The build, the clothes, the——" She put out her hand to touch the tweed coat sleeve and the prisoner leaped away from her as if she had been a live rail. There was a momentary struggle, and, as they overpowered him again, Luke jerked the man towards him so that their faces all but met.

"You're losing something, mate," he remarked with ferocious good humour. "Look at this. It came off in my hand." The movement was too swift to be resisted. The stranger swore in a husky whisper and was silent again. The moustache had been lightly gummed and now the skin on the long upper lip was pale where it had been. Luke tucked the piece of hair into his waistcoat pocket. "I'll take care of it for you."

WITHOUT his moustache, it was difficult to believe that the stranger had ever resembled any other man closely. He had a distinctive mouth, marred by the scar of a sewn harelip, a broken tooth in the centre front, and an indefinable air of slyness which at this moment was overshadowed by a terror quite out of proportion to his crime, at least so far as it was suspected.

Luke grinned at Meg. "He didn't risk coming too close, did he?" he said. "But he took you in at a distance. Quite a performance."

She turned away abruptly and Luke lifted his chin to peer down the platform. Two heavy men in raincoats were running towards them.

"Your men?" Campion sounded relieved.

Luke nodded. "I put them on the entrance doors in case." He raised his hand to the newcomers as he spoke and returned to his prisoner.

"Well, Chatty," he said cheerfully, "don't go getting any funny ideas about this being an arrest." He shook the arm he held by way of emphasis. "This is just a friendly invitation to a quiet talk in a nice, warm room. You may even get a cup of tea, for all I know. Understand?"

The man said nothing. He might not even have heard. His face was wooden. Only his eyes shifted uneasily. He was quiet now, but there was still a tenseness in his body. He was still ready to make a dash for freedom the moment he got a chance.

Luke surveyed him, his head on one side, his bright eyes inquisitive.

"Why are you worrying?" he said softly. "There's not more on your mind than there is on mine, by any chance?"

In spite of the hint, which was broad enough, there was no relaxing, no let-up. The weak mouth remained tightly closed, the muscles were still flexed under the tweed sleeve. Luke handed him over to the newcomers, who arrived breathless and unsmiling. "No charge. Held for questioning." He might have been delivering a parcel.

Meg and Campion walked down the shadowy stone way together and Luke walked beside them. The girl was quite silent for some time, but the emotional conflict in her mind was as apparent as if she had explained it. Campion watched her out of the corner of his eye.

"You'll have to put this clean out of your mind, if you can, you know," he said at last. "If I may, I'll put you in a taxi outside the station, and then, after Luke has had a chat with this fellow, I'll get him to come back with me. I don't see the purpose of this performance at all, but I think you'll have to face the fact that it is only a performance."

She paused in her walk and faced him. "You mean you're quite certain it wasn't Martin in the photographs?"

"Oh, no, it wasn't Martin; it was this fellow every time. That's practically sure."

"Practically?" Her wide mouth twisted and her eyes looked darker.

"Almost certain." It was Luke who spoke, bluntly. "I could kick myself. I've seen that quivering little mug before somewhere. Without the moustache. He's nothing. He's a tailor's dummy. If he'd been on his own he'd have done a bit of talking. I'm not the one that lad is so frightened of. That's the only thing he did tell us."

"Then Martin might——"

"No." He spoke with a tenderness unexpected in him. "No, lady, no. Put that clean out of your mind. He's gone. He won't come back. You've got your own life and you go and live it and make a do of it, as, no doubt, he'd like you to. Now you go home. Will Mr. Levett be there?"

"No. Do you want him? He brought me here and went on to his office. He's going to ring me at five. He has some sort of business appointment this evening."

She saw his expression and smiled to reassure him. "Oh, I shall be all right. My father is there. In fact there are quite a lot of people in the house. We'd be very glad to see you, if you could manage it."

"Yes, I'd like another word. I'll be along." The two men put her in a taxi.

CRUMB Street, never a place of beauty, was that afternoon at its worst. The fog slopped over its low houses like a bucketful of cold soup over a row of dirty stoves.

The fine, new police station on the corner was the chief ornament to the district, and the inspector advanced upon it with the tread of a proprietor. The impatient traffic was moving a little and they were held up for a moment or so on a street

If you could get away . . .

If you could leave the dreary round; if you could come to a sunlit beach in a sheltered bay, there to relax and rest for a while; what a world of good it would do you! If only you could! . . But it's no use dreaming. Duty ties you down and the way of life today leaves little room for the relaxation we all need. Small wonder if at times you find that energy flags and interest slackens, that the days seem too long and the nights longer still!

At such times Milo can be a great help and benefit. Day by day, each day a little, it supplements the intake of those nutritive and energy-giving elements which are now known to be most beneficial in helping to sustain nervous and physical energy. It helps to restore the balance between energy spent and energy gained. Milo is most easily digested, readily assimilated, and it makes a most delicious drink at any time.

Commonsense tells that energy stolen by perhaps months of overwork and worry is not to be restored overnight. But take a cup at mid-morning and another, perhaps at night, for a few weeks, and then you will probably be drinking Milo not because you need it, but because you like it.

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island. As they waited, they heard again the thumping of the street band. It triumphed in the thick air, an almighty affront of a noise, importunate and vigorous.

The knot of men who were playing were half in the gutter and half on the pavement. They were moving along steadily, as the law insists, and the rattle of their collecting boxes was as noisy as their tune. Luke jerked his chin towards them.

"See that? Demanding with menaces. What else is it? Gimme, gimme!" He thrust a long curved hand under Campion's nose and achieved an expression of rapacity which was startling. "We can't touch 'em. Keep moving, that's all we can say. If a cat made a row like that we'd kill it."

Campion laughed. He liked Luke.

"I remember after the first World War those bands were pretty shocking," he remarked, "but I thought the Welfare State had rather seen to that sort of thing. They are ex-Service, I suppose?"

"Who isn't?" Luke was irritable. "I bet you every man under sixty in this street is ex-Service, and half the women, too. That little band of brothers is only ex-Service among other things. Haven't you seen them about? They tramp all over the town, West End mostly. Nothing's known against any of 'em, as we say, but they're not exactly pretty to look at."

He saw his chance, and drew Campion with him across the road between the traffic. But for a moment Campion lingered, looking around. Luke turned with him. "What's up?"

"It was nothing," Campion said at last, as he moved on again. "At least, I don't think so. I thought I caught a glimpse of Geoffrey Levett just then. I must have been mistaken."

Luke turned into a narrow archway set deep in the blank side of a new building.

"Everyone looks alike in the fog," he said cheerfully. "You can follow your own Ma home in it, certain that she's the girl next door. . . ."

THE fog was thicker than ever in St. Petersgate Square. The little close was well hidden even on the brightest of days. Ten years before even the enemy had not found it and so, almost alone in the district, the quiet houses remained much as they had always been. By yet another oversight the railings round the tiny square in the centre had been spared by the scrap merchants, and a magnolia, two or three graceful laburnums and a tulip tree had overgrown unmolested.

It was one of the smallest squares of its kind in the city. There were seven houses on each of two opposite sides, a wall on the third which shut out the steep drop into Portminster Row and the shops, and, on the fourth, the sharp-spired church of St. Peter of the Gate, its rectory and two minute glebe cottages adjoining. The square was a cul-de-sac. The only road led in by the wall, so that all wheeled traffic had to return by the way it had come. But for foot passengers there was a flight of steps at the other end.

The church stood very high, and between its narrow stone yard and the rectory's regency block, the stone stairs wound up steeply to a wide residential avenue behind. In daytime the stairs were much used by shoppers, yet tonight, when visibility was down to nil, the rectory might have been alone upon a moor.

It was a pleasant cube of a house possessing two main storeys, a half-basement, and a fine range of attics just above the cornice. There were lights in every window, and the two which flanked the squat porch showed red and warm-looking in the mist.

Old Canon Avril, Meg Elginbrodde's father, had lived so long in the square that changing times had altered his domestic arrangements without haste or upheaval. He lived on the ground floor very comfortably, while his old verger, William Talisman, made his home in the basement and Mrs. Talisman looked after them both. In the fine rooms above, Meg had her self-contained apartment, and the attics had been converted into a flat.

CANON AVRIL was standing where he always had stood, on the rug before the living-room fire. It was the room he had brought his bride to thirty years before, and since then, if only for reasons more financial than sentimental, nothing in it had ever been changed. It had become a little worn in the interim but the good things in it—the walnut bookcase with the ivory chessmen displayed, the bureau with thirteen panes in each glass door, the Queen Anne chair with the seven-foot back, the Persian rug which had been a wedding present from his younger sister, Albert Campion's mother—had all mellowed, just as he had mellowed himself, with care and use and quiet living.

He was an impossible person in many ways, with an approach to life which was clear-sighted yet slightly off centre, and therefore disconcerting to most of his colleagues. No one feared him, simple people loved and protected him as if he were daft, and he had exasperated more great churchmen than any parson alive.

He believed in miracles and frequently observed them, and nothing astonished him. His imagination was as wild as a small boy's, and his faith ultimate. In ordinary life he was, quite frankly, hardly safe out.

He was a big man with a great frame, untidy white hair, and the ease of manner of one to whom every stranger is probably due to become an old friend. His distress just now was all the more poignant.

"She saw him," he repeated, his voice urgent. "She saw and recognized him and ran to him across the station. You heard her say that, Amanda."

The only other person in the room, Amanda Campion, the wife of Albert Campion, and therefore the canon's niece by marriage, sat in the high chair. She was embroidering the word "Sheriff" in very large letters on a small green shirt. Her red hair was cut neatly round her small head, and under it her brown eyes were thoughtful in her heart-shaped face.

She had explained the business very carefully to him twice already, but the cream of her forehead remained unruffled and her clear voice preserved that quality of adventurous common sense which was her chief characteristic.

"But when they caught up with him he wasn't Martin at all. He looked like Martin from a distance and he wore clothes like Martin and he must have moved and walked exactly like Martin, or Meg would not have been deceived. Therefore he is someone who knew Martin, and. . . ."

"Good heavens!" He was looking at her in horror, pain and dismay on his fine face. "You don't mean

"See that girl? All she does is ask the women if she can try on the hat they're holding . . . pushed sales up 75 per cent last week"

that poor boy is in the background somewhere, in some institution perhaps? Perhaps unrecognizable himself, but teaching someone else, instructing someone?"

"No, my dear." Amanda did not stop in her embroidery. "Martin is dead. He was killed in the war. This man who is impersonating him must have known him before. Do you remember how you showed me how Henry Irving walked? You could do that now, but you can't have seen him for forty or fifty years. When Albert comes in, I think we'll find that this man knew Martin long ago, perhaps in France before the war."

The old man sighed. His own imaginings had shaken him and he was only half comforted.

"Perhaps so. Yes, perhaps so. And what about this photograph in here? This is the same man in the same masquerade, is it?"

His eye had caught the new copy of the *Tatler* lying open on the couch before him, and he bent down to retrieve it.

"It's so like the boy as I remember him. That ridiculous moustache." The canon was holding the page very close to his eyes, trying to find on its shiny surface lines which had never been there. "There's the name, too, you see, the name underneath."

Amanda put down the embroidery on her lap. For the first time, she frowned. "I was going to tell you just when Meg came in. I telephoned the paper and found out about it. The photographer remembered the man because he asked him to spell Elginbrodde."

The old man continued to peer at the small figure on the extreme edge of a group of racegoers. "Upon my soul, Amanda, I can't believe this man would have given Martin's name to the Press."

"But of course he would if he was impersonating him, Uncle."

"Why should he be so cruel? What did he hope to gain?"

Amanda had no solution to offer and did not attempt to invent one. Instead, she stuck to practical matters. The ability of the soberest folk to believe all they read in print was well known to her, and her worry was a real one.

"People we know have been ringing up ever since, asking if Meg has seen it," she said slowly. "There'll be a lot more this evening. Meg's going to hate that. Just now she's expecting a call from Geoff. I hope I did the right thing. I put Sam on to it."

"Sam?" The canon's face brightened. "Just the man. He knows all about the newspapers." A smile of affection had passed over his face as it always did when he spoke of Samuel Drummock, who was his tenant on the top floor. That elderly, distinguished and amiable sporting journalist had been living there many years, and the relationship between the two men was something of a miracle in itself. It was a cordiality based, apparently, on complete non-comprehension cemented by a deep mutual respect for the utterly unknown. No two men saw less eye to eye and the result was unexpected harmony, as if a dog and a fish had mysteriously become friends and were each proud of the other's remarkable dissimilarity to himself.

Amanda sighed. "So that's all right. He's sitting on the top stairs with the phone and a mug of beer. Meg has left her door open and the moment it really is Geoff on the phone he's going to call her. Hallo, that's the front door. Is that Albert?"

Amanda listened a moment and then bundled the shirt she was holding behind her under the cushion, like any other mother six weeks before Christmas. "It's the children."

"Oh, dear!" He was alarmed. "I'd forgotten them. They must be kept right away from this, Amanda. They're not ready for anything of this sort. This is most shocking to the young. Frightening."

"I know, dear. Lugg's with them. We'll see to that. Hallo, how did you get on?"

SHUDDERING open, the door had admitted three excited people. Two of them, both male, were almost beside themselves with the joyous adventure of getting home through London in a real pea-souper. One of these was six and the other was sixty. The third of the party, who was pale and a little breathless from the responsibility of controlling the others, was a girl. She was eight.

Mr. Campion's heir, Rupert, came in, blinking in the bright light. He was a slender six-year-old, red-haired like his mother, and wiry. He had the innate gentleness of his father's family, but unlike either of his parents, he was shy. He went over to his mother now and, leaning

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across her chair, burst out with his private worry in a husky whisper.

"The shoe trees for Aunt Val cost two-and-six."

"Oh, well, that's all right," said Amanda reassuringly. "That only makes you ninepence down to date. That's not bad, you know, considering the rise in the cost of living."

"You're sure?"

"Certain. We'll go into the whole situation at the end of the week. Was it fun?"

"Tremenjous." Mr. Magersfontein Lugg, breathing heavily in the doorway, was glowing with a good temper foreign to his somewhat lugubrious personality. He was a large, globular person, with a vast white face, small, beady black eyes, and a drooping moustache. For so many years he had been Mr. Campion's friend and knave, as well as his personal servant, that certain eccentricities which he possessed had long been accepted and forgiven by all who knew them. He wore the formal black clothes and hard hat of an upper servant of the last century, but there the likeness ceased abruptly.

"I don't mind minding kids," he announced. "The little gel saved me from being run over twice."

The third member of the trio smiled faintly. She was not very tall and not very plump, and her thick, straight hair hung down behind her almost to her knees. She was very plainly dressed and as formal as only a child can be, but the blue eyes in her short-nosed, solemn face were secretly merry under their lids.

This was Emily, daughter of Mrs. Talisman's second son, who had got on in the world and achieved an engineering degree, only to be killed with his wife and a second daughter in Portsmouth in the blitz. Then Emily, who had been a baby at the time, had come to live with her grandmother in the basement.

Lugg, at length, took the children down below for tea in the Talisman's quarters, and almost immediately afterwards, Campion and Luke arrived.

"Ah, Albert, my boy," said the canon, "come in, come in. Good evening, Inspector. I'm afraid we're giving you a lot of trouble."

THE greeting stopped Charlie Luke short in his tracks. He had come swinging in behind Campion, filling the room to bursting point by the mere size of his personality. Suspicion leaped in his bright eyes. He always suspected people wanting to save him trouble. One good stare at the old man appeared to reassure him, and without being in any way discourteous, he soon managed to convey that he had seen faces like Uncle Hubert's "befuddled old kisser" before. He smiled, with a secret quirk of sheer street-boy naughtiness in his twisted lips, only to receive a considerable shock as he found it not only remarked and recognized but also forgiven by the old priest. It was the most complete introduction taking place in a few seconds which Mr. Campion had ever witnessed.

The two men shook hands, and after he had greeted Amanda as an old colleague, Luke glanced about him. "Where's Mrs. Elginbrodde? Did she get home in good shape?"

"Yes. She's upstairs in her own room. I'm afraid she's upset." The canon wagged his head regretfully. "This has appeared, too." He took up the copy of the *Tatler* as he spoke and Luke nodded.

"We saw it at the station. The old charge sergeant sits there reading it, thinking he's a lord. That's going to cause a bit of trouble, I'm afraid. Well, it's an upsetting time, sir. I think I ought to see the young lady, though."

Amanda rose. "We'll go up. Did you get anything?"

"A little. Nothing conclusive," murmured her husband, who seemed unhappy. "Come on, Charles. This way."

MEG ELGINBRODDE'S sitting-room, immediately above the one they had just left, was as different from it as could well be imagined. Between the damasked grey walls and the deep gold carpet there ranged every permissible tint and texture from bronze velvet to scarlet linen, pinpointed and enlivened with daring touches of Bristol blue.

On an elegant side table between the windows there were evidences of Meg's own art, sketches of dresses, swathes of material, samples of braids and beads, and the blue spidery designs from which jewellers work. Since Campion's famous sister Val had acquired the controlling interest in the fashion house of Papendeik, she had sponsored several young couturiers and Meg Elginbrodde was one of her most successful discoveries.

The girl herself had been sitting in a small gilt armchair by the fire when they arrived and she rose to greet them. She had changed into a long grey dress which suited her slenderness and flattered the white-gold sleekness of her hair, but she looked an older woman than she had appeared on the station. The emotional experience which she was undergoing had marked her and her muscles were taut and her eyes sombre with new information about herself.

"Who was he? Did you find out?" She spoke directly to Luke as if to a friend, and was met by something new in his attitude. He had become wary and inquisitive, and

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If the toys have glass or plastic eyes and you want to remove them, here is the opportunity. Replace with wool stitching which can't do damage if chewed and swallowed.

Campion, who seemed nervous of him, hastened to answer.

"His name is Walter Morrison."

"Commonly called 'Duds.'" Luke indicated the outline of his own clothes by way of defining the nickname. "Does that convey anything to you?"

"No," she said slowly, her eyes growing puzzled as they watched him. "No. Ought it to?"

"Not particularly. He's been out of jail, Chelmsford, just six weeks. He was concerned in a hold-up. There were two of them in it, Duds and another man. One knife between them and half a broken bottle. The other man got the full ten years for robbery with violence. But the charge against Duds was reduced to 'Assault with intent to rob' and he got the limit of five. He can't have been a good boy inside. There was no remission."

Meg smoothed the silk over her knee and the diamond on her hand winked and trembled. "That just makes it utterly incomprehensible," she said softly. "Is that all you know about him?"

"Oh no." His intelligence was sharp and he prodded her bewilderment like a carpenter prodding a beam for rot. "From 1932 to 1940 he was in and out of prison for various offences—larceny, demanding with menaces, assault. After that he vanished, might have died, for nearly five years, which suggests that he was being taken care of by the Army."

"Did he serve with Martin Elginbrodde at any point?" demanded Amanda, her cool voice deliberately conversational in the tension.

"We haven't established it." Luke met her eyes and flashed a question at her which she either could not or would not recognize. "He says he never heard of him, naturally. His story is that he's an actor by profession."

"He certainly had a most professional moustache," murmured Mr. Campion with uneasy lightness.

Meg raised her head. "How did he explain the moustache?"

"Oh, he said he used to wear one but lost it in jail, and didn't like to turn up among his pals without one. He gave his present address, which is a well-known lodging house just over the river, and we were able to check on that at once. After we let him go. . . ."

"You let him go!" Meg looked at him in amazement and he stiffened.

"We couldn't hold him, ma'am." Luke sounded scandalized. "We can't hold a man because a lady thinks she recognizes him as her husband. Why——"

He was cut short by the trill of the telephone bell on the landing outside. Meg had sprung up at its first note. Her movement was unconscious, as was also her glance at the French clock on the mantelshelf. The golden hands showed the time as a few minutes before seven, and in the silence everyone remembered that Geoffrey Levett had promised to telephone her at five.

Meanwhile, a firm, flat Midland voice was speaking in the passage outside.

"Hallo, hallo. Aye, it is. But no, no, you can't speak to her. I'm sorry." The tone was patient but utterly uncompromising. "Oh yes, I've got your name. I'll remember. Yes, she has seen it. Aye, but it was indeed a great shock. Someone playing the goat. Not in good taste. No, I quite agree. Goodbye."

The phone rang off and the tiny

sound was followed by a bellow which would have carried across a playing field.

"Meg, lass!"

"Yes, Uncle Sam."

"The Dowager Lady Totham, Park Street. She's the seventeenth."

"Thank you, darling." She sighed and reseated herself. "That's been happening all the time. Sam's keeping a list. I do hope Geoff doesn't keep finding this number engaged. I'm sorry, Inspector, what were you saying?"

Luke stood looking at her. His hands were in his pockets, his jacket hitched back into a flounce behind his narrow hips. His shoulders were flat and wide and his dark face glowed with the half ferocious, half condoning knowingness which was the essence of the man. He had clearly made up his mind to come clean.

"Mrs. Elginbrodde," he demanded bluntly, "just how well did you know that husband of yours when you married him?"

Mr. Campion's face became misleadingly blank and Amanda looked up, her brown eyes surprised and wary.

"Well, you see how it is," he went on, taking the room into his confidence. "Now I've had a talk with Duds I see he's a smooth piece. Nice voice. Plausible. May have come from a good home, as they say. May easily have had a very good war record."

Canon Avril, who had been sitting very quietly in the darkest corner of the room, leant forward.

"If you're asking if Martin had ever had any serious illness or nervous trouble, we don't know," he remarked. "I hadn't known him from boyhood and when his grandmother wrote me from France she did not mention anything of the kind. He was introduced here by a young nephew of mine soon after the war had started. Then, when he returned from the Middle East we saw a lot of him. I thought he and Meg were young to marry, but then life was shorter in those days. Youth is relative, after all."

Luke hesitated, but his sophisticated eyes smiled at the old man.

"As long as you satisfied yourself about the chap, sir," he said. "As long as you did check up on him——"

"Check up?"

Luke sighed. "Neither Mr. Campion nor I ever met Mr. Elginbrodde. Today we questioned a man called Duds Morrison. There are five years in Morrison's life which from our point of view are unaccounted for, and it was during those same five years that Elginbrodde met and married your daughter. I'm just making quite sure they're not the same man."

Meg gaped at him. "But I saw him, too."

Luke regarded her stolidly. "I know you did," he said, and added with an irritable gesture which destroyed his official manner. "You're human, aren't you?"

"But of course." To everyone's astonishment the canon got up and, coming down the room, took his daughter's hand. "Of course," he repeated. "This young man must make sure of that, Meg. Good gracious me. No good purpose is ever served by discounting the possibility of *sin*." He made the word sound familiar if not downright homely.

Luke's smile grew slowly broad and absent-mindedly he turned his thumbs up. "That's all right, then. You must take a squint at him yourself, sir. . . ."

"Is there a chief inspector of police in there, Meg? Name of Luke?" The bellow from the landing cut him short and sent him hurrying to the door. "Divisional headquarters, urgent."

Everyone listened to the ensuing conversation, but it was not revealing.

"Where?" Luke demanded after a long silence, and then: "I see. Right. I'll come there now. No good sending a car in this fog."

He came striding back into the room.

"I'm afraid it'll have to be tonight, sir," he said to Avril. "And I'll have to ask you to come out again, too, Mr. Campion, if you will. I haven't been very bright. They've just picked up Duds in an alley off Crumb Street. He's what you might call thoroughly dead by all I can hear."

Campion sat up slowly and then rose to his feet. "So soon?" he murmured. "That's a black mark against us, Charles. I wondered if he had it coming to him, but I didn't envisage anything quite so—prompt."

"Are you saying he's been murdered?" Meg was very pale.

Luke smiled at her. "He didn't die of neglect."

The canon got up. "We must go at once," he said.

As the front door closed behind the three men, and its distinctive slam echoed in the apartment upstairs, Meg walked down the room and back again.

"I love Geoffrey," she said.

"Yes." Amanda did not move. Her eyes looked warm and honey-coloured in the firelight. "That's obvious, if you'll forgive my saying so. Did you quarrel this afternoon?"

"No, I tried to explain, though, which was silly. I thought I knew Geoff, but I don't, Amanda. I love him unbearably but I don't know him at all. Suppose he *doesn't* ring."

"Eeh, he'll telephone, lass." The door had been kicked open a little wider by a soft-soled shoe and Sam Drummock came cautiously into the room. He was a round man with a round, bald head, small, shrewd eyes, and a red face, and was at the moment clad in his working garment. This was a sort of high-collared pyjama jacket in heavy shantung, most beautifully laundered and worn over tidy little grey flannel trousers. His small, round feet were set in neat and shiny red slippers, and his entire appearance managed to suggest the highly conventional costume of some unknown land.

"Gin sling," he explained, handing each of them a glass. "I mixed it myself, so I know it's all right. It's a pick-me-up. You need it. Wait till I get my can. It's on the stairs."

He moved very quickly and lightly like the boxers he admired so much, and was soon back again, a shining pewter tankard in his hand.

"Well, I listened," he announced cheerfully. "It's a killing, eh? That's bad. Still, cheer up. Thank God it's not us." A little chuckling laugh escaped him and he roamed over to a bureau on whose lid a design for a wonderful wedding dress was displayed.

Sam was unusually silent for a while, and when he turned round, his eyes were troubled.

"It's on my conscience so I'll have to tell you. That girl in Geoff's office rang again. He's forgotten a personal call that was booked to him by his Paris foreman or broker or whatever they call them. She wants him to phone the moment he comes here." Sam was worried. The anxiety peeped out of his kind little eyes. Then a hopeful idea occurred to him. "Maybe he's gone and had a drink or two, eh?"

"That wouldn't be like him."

"No." He put his head into his mug and reappeared, refreshed. "Mind you," he said, "if it was Martin that was on the tiles I wouldn't give it another thought. I'd *know*."

Amanda hesitated. "I never knew Martin, of course. Was he a wild person?"

"Martin?" Sam put his head back and crowed aloud. "Oh, a dasher. A lively, dashing, smashing sort of a lad. But we don't want to talk about him, poor fellow, do we? Oh, lord, no. That's done. That's over. My old queen's going to be happy with a grand chap. She's going to have a good steady, sensible sort of a husband." He fixed Amanda with a solemn stare. "A grand chap," he declared. "One of the best. And when I'm talking I know what I mean. A straight, clean fighter."

This last was clearly the highest praise he could bestow. He hesitated, glanced at the door and back again, and his very head shone with exasperation.

"But if he's *not* flat on his back under a bar table, why the hell doesn't he ring oop?" he said.

To be continued next week

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SEVEN HOURS TO SAFETY

Continued from page 14

out the International Code signals. He eyed her long and intently and a slow smile broke over his face.

"So she is," he murmured. "Fancy that now. Keep way on her, Mac. If we stop here we'll melt. Steady as she goes. Half ahead both."

"Aye, aye. Half ahead both," repeated the first officer, and swung the telegraph. He eased his sweat-dampened shirt off his skin. "Is there a war on here or something?"

"COULD be." Martell lowered his glasses. The warship was now so close that they could distinguish all her details—the fussy little four-inch gun forward, twin quick-firers of some kind amidships, her nearly flush deck aft. White-clad figures were buzzing about. A national flag drooped lazily at her stern.

"It's their flagship, the *Reno*," remarked the First.

Martell nodded. "It's their one and only," he corrected.

"Used to be one of ours, didn't she?"

"That's right. They bought her after the war."

"She's flagging again. Chatty little thing. What's she want now?"

Martell trained up the glasses. "She wants to speak to us. She's sending aboard." He hesitated. "Okay, Mac. Slow ahead." He leaned back on the rail and lit a cigarette.

Watching through the smoke of his cigarette, curling idly in the humid air, he divided his attention between the warship, now stopped ahead, and the small boat that put off from her. There were four sailors at the oars and a figure in white with gold touches seated in the stern. As he watched, he smiled again and flicked his cigarette over the side.

The dapper little warship's officer stepped briskly up the bridge ladder and clicked the heels of his immaculate white shoes.

"Ah, the captain," he said in excellent English. His demeanour was a little self-assertive, but his white-toothed smile was friendly enough. At his waist was strapped a revolver holster on which he rested one hand. A diamond ring sparkled very elegantly.

"Yes," said Martell. "That's me. "Who are you and what's the matter?" He studied the young officer's beautiful medal ribbons with undisguised curiosity.

"Lieutenant Kasbah, of the flagship *Reno* of the People's Navy of the Republic of Kuztan. At your service."

"What's this?" Martell did not trouble to hide a smile. "I'm afraid I didn't quite follow all that, Lieutenant."

"But, of course—you could not know. Let me explain. As from today, Captain—Martell, is it not, like the cognac?—you should know that Kuztan is a republic. The People's Republic. The revolution has taken place. It is over. The reactionary ruler and his reactionary government are no more—swept away by the will of the people. The People's Army has maintained order, the People's Police is loyal, the People's Navy . . ." he bowed, a stiff, formal bow, ". . . is controlling the seas. Kuztan is the people's."

"Well, well," Martell said. "This certainly is news. But is that all you stopped me for? It would have kept."

"Because, Captain, there are certain formalities, you understand. We must escort you to port. It is necessary that I remain on board."

Martell shook his head. "Quite unnecessary, Lieutenant. I know my way in. And your revolution, or whatever it is, has nothing to do with me."

"I am afraid you do not understand. It has, on the contrary, very much to do with you. You must understand that the industries and the natural wealth of Kuztan are now the people's. By emergency decree of the People's Parliament of the Republic, all industry was nationalised today. Your company's ore concession is automatically cancelled and its property is transferred to the People's Republic. The company's ships, therefore, now belong to the people. You and your crew will, of course, be invited to continue service as employees of the Republic. In the meantime it becomes necessary that we take down your flag and hoist that of the Republic. The necessary formalities are now being completed. All is understood, Captain?"

Martell leaned back, his elbows on the bridge rail, and surveyed the smiling figure in front of him.

"No, I don't understand, Lieutenant. I don't understand any of it. I have only your word for what you say. I shall steam to Malistan as planned. I am due there in five hours and your captain can say anything he wants to say when we get there. And I want you to understand this: that if you lay one finger on that flag back there I'll throw you into the sea myself. Now, kindly get off my ship."

MALISTAN was an exhausted huddle of once-white, one-storey plaster buildings and dusty, unpaved streets, sprawling around wharves dominated by the big loading cranes of the ore company; it was the main port of the country, which had little else to export and whose iron ore was the backbone of its wealth.

Martell saw the company's agent waiting among a crowd of other officials on the wharf as he edged slowly into his berth; he waved down from the bridge wing. Kuztan soldiers were numerous; not all of them had boots, but they all had rifles.

Martell rang off the engines and went below to change.

"Well," said MacEndrick. "And where do we go from here? What's the joke?"

"We'll soon find that out, Mac. I'm going ashore at once to see Cockburn. Carry on as usual in the meantime."

It was not, apparently, a joke at all. Kuztan had had an authentic

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Civilized man

THERE have been great civilizations before ours. They disappeared because men refused to learn a simple truth. No man or nation is civilized whose passions and instincts are allowed to rule reason.

It is not merely knowing a lot that makes a man or a nation civilized. It is respect for moral law. Only that can lead life to higher levels.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"I have your letter right here in front of me, Mr. Sykes"

revolution, and its former rulers were now in jail. Further details were lacking. Nobody was clear about anything except that flocks of self-important representatives of the People's Republic had suddenly appeared in the town and begun to boss about an apathetic population that had spent its life being bossed about and so did not appear much concerned.

"Well, what's the drill?" asked Martell impatiently, after all this had been explained to him. "It sounds like a lot of damned rot to me."

"It's an impossible position at the moment," said the agent, a hot-looking and perplexed man. "We cannot get a telephone call through. The airfields are blocked. The roads are guarded. We are quite in the dark."

Martell paced up and down the room once or twice. Suddenly he stopped to face the agent. "I take it we can load? The wharf men are still working?"

"Of course. The . . . ahm . . . local committee naturally wants all work to go on without interruption."

"Right. Let them load."

"And then what?"

"I'm taking my ship out, man. I'm going ahead as if nothing had happened."

"They'll be watching you, Martell. The *Reno* followed you in."

"Let me worry about that. As soon as I'm loaded I'll move out into the stream to anchor in the usual way. You get clearance papers ready, and get them without any fancy strings either. That's all you need to know and all you need to do. I'll take care of the rest."

GREAT loads of ore, were already thundering down into the *Iron Wizard's* holds when Martell had the motor launch lowered early next day.

He paused with one hand on the rail as he made to go down the jumping ladder.

"I'm off now, Mac. You know what to do. Keep them at it and see that these sons of bitches stay off my ship." He nodded towards a group of soldiery bunching about on the wharf, as if looking for something to do with themselves. "I'll be late back."

The half-dozen sailors lounging about in the morning sun on the deck of the *Reno* saw nothing unusual in the *Iron Wizard's* launch chugging past, her engine puttering busily, the captain lounging in the stern. Martell's fondness for shooting was well known, and he always spent a long day, when in port, among the desolate inlets in the north of the gulf banging away at the wild duck that bred there.

The sun was dropping behind the low hills around Malistan, leaving a sky of improbable-looking red and gold, when the launch returned and Martell climbed on board. MacEndrick had rigged lights, and the trucks were still clattering their loads into the holds. He greeted the captain with a broad grin.

"Doing well here, Skip. We'll finish by midnight, I reckon."

"Good work, Mac. We'll cast off whenever you're ready. I've fixed things for two o'clock. No trouble here?"

"None at all. I hope you know what you're up to, Skip."

"I guess so. Three hours of darkness. That's all I want."

Ten minutes later he was reassuring a still-worried Cockburn over a whisky and soda.

"Now don't you lose any sleep, old man. You've done your whack. The papers are okay with me, and you've told your new friends that I'll be moving to anchor as soon as I've finished loading. That's normal practice and they can't object to it. They know the *Reno* is lying out there watching me. I promise you, for the record, that I will anchor. What happens after that is no concern of yours. You know nothing about it."

IT was just after one o'clock in the morning when the *Iron Wizard* eased away from the wharf with a resounding blast from her siren that echoed through the pitch-black night.

Up on the bridge, Martell leaned out over the dodger and scanned the darkness through his night-glasses.

A searchlight blinked suddenly in the dark. Its beam created weird effects around the harbour mouth as it wavered vaguely this way and that before it swept the length of the *Iron Wizard*, washing it in a dazzling light. It passed on, cutting a wide swathe in the sky, then fumbled back and at last held the ship in an uncertain hold.

They crept forward to the anchorage, still pinned by the light, and there Martell let go the anchors, the thunderous clamour racketing about in the night. The beam crept slowly from end to end of the ship as if every detail were being examined. Then, as though satisfied all was well, it snapped out abruptly. Martell lit a cigarette and waited. What he expected soon happened. As suddenly as it had disappeared, the searchlight reached out at him again, sweeping back and forward suspiciously several times; then it vanished once more.

He laughed and turned to MacEndrick. "So far, so good. Put on

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a deck watch and let the rest go below for some sleep. The show's over meantime. The next act is due in exactly thirty minutes."

And in exactly thirty minutes it came. The two officers leaning alertly over the bridge rail, staring towards the far northern distances of the bay, simultaneously saw the tiny white pinpoint of light, a brilliant speck against the velvet sky, climb slowly above the horizon before it splintered into myriads of stars that tumbled down again out of sight. It was followed by another and another and yet another until half a dozen were hanging there together. Then the distant "wuff" of an explosion whispered across and a dull red glow flared on the horizon.

Martell stretched across and swung the engine-room telegraph: "Stand by."

"Act Two," he said, as another explosion grumbled far off to the north and a rocket sailed riotously into the sky. "Keep the men below decks."

MacENDRICK turned to give the order. Then he trained his glasses on the distant fireworks display again.

"The signal rocket I recognized," he said. "And I knew the star shells. But what was the explosion and what set it off?"

Martell was studying the dark outlines of the *Reno*, where lights had appeared in the portholes and figures began tumbling out on deck.

"Woke up at last, by Jimminy," he murmured. "It all takes time, Mac, it all takes time. The explosion?—tins of petrol. I took 'em with me yesterday and set a time fuse which appears to have worked. There's more to come, too. But watch out. Unless I'm mistaken, they'll be having a quick look at us."

As he spoke, the *Reno's* searchlight flicked once or twice, then stabbed at them across the water, fingering along the ship's length before it swung towards the north where Martell's fire seemed to be swelling monstrously.

To the listening officers came the faintest tinkle of a telegraph aboard the warship and the tinny rattle of a winch; their glasses showed them the anchor coming up. Sailors were scuttering about the deck; her head slowly turned away, the pulse of her engines beat faintly. She faded gently into the night.

"And that's that." Martell glanced at his watch. "Two hours to get there to find my bonfires—two hours to get back to find us gone. We go in an hour. That gives us three hours' start over about seven hours' steaming. Our speed against hers . . . it'll just about do, Mac, it'll just about do."

One hour later, before her anchors were properly bedded home, the *Iron Wizard* trembled to the beat of her engines and she slid forward up the bay, her bow creaming the water.

"Full ahead both," ordered Martell.

Far away to the north his bonfires glowed brightly on the horizon, and he smiled grimly as he thought of the warship racing earnestly to investigate them.

The bridge shook under his feet as the freighter plunged ahead with only her navigation lights showing, a ghostly shape in the darkness.

A gradual lightening of the sky foretold dawn at last and the red sun appeared off the port bow chasing away the night and revealing the dreary coastline to starboard. Anxiously Martell checked his bearings and he sighed with relief. About halfway to the narrow mouth of the gulf, as he had planned. Some thirty-odd of his steaming miles behind, he guessed, the hunt would be beginning.

The forenoon watch was just coming on when the cry came from the lookout: "Right astern, sir."

Martell jumped for the port wing. In the bright light and across the untroubled surface he could see for miles. Right on the skyline he picked her up, so faint as to be only just perceptible. It couldn't be anything else but the *Reno*. He lowered his glasses; he had twenty steaming miles in hand with an hour and a half to go. In that time *Reno* would cut the distance to a couple of miles. He whistled the engine-room.

"Still going strong, Chief?"

"Aye, aye. But, man, you're fairly driving us."

"It'll soon be over, Chief. But it all depends on you."

"That's nothing new on this ship, if you ask me. Get us some air down here, for Pete's sake. It's hotter than hell."

MacEndrick, shirt-sleeved and imperturbable, eyed him quizzically as they gazed astern again. "What if she pops at us, Skip?"

"I don't doubt she will. They must be pretty mad by now. But I'm not worrying about that."

"Ah, well, you seem to have it all worked out, the good God knows how. I hope you're right." He pushed back his cap to wipe his forehead. "This is the hottest bloody place I've ever known. I don't want to go to jail just here."

THE *Reno* was coming up hand over fist as the forenoon passed, but slowly the land began closing in on them on both quarters as, vomiting clouds of black smoke, they raced for the entrance to the gulf. To port, there was a thin grey rim where previously the sea had met the sky. As it slowly climbed above the horizon, so did the *Reno* take more visible shape. They saw her bow wave clearly as she carved the water.

Nine o'clock. Six miles to the narrows. MacEndrick swallowed a mug of strong, sweet tea.

"Half an hour to go, Skip. It'll be a tight thing at the rate she's coming. If she's got anything in hand she'll have us yet."

Martell studied the pursuing ship for a long minute. He shook his head. "She's all out, Mac. Absolutely. We'll make it—just."

"Granted she doesn't plug a hole in us with that pop-gun." MacEndrick cast a familiar eye on the land on either side. Dead ahead lay the narrow break that marked the entrance to the gulf. He spat into the treacly-blue water surging past the side. "Think she'll follow us out?"

Martell shook his head. The *Reno* was no more than two miles off now and he could see her clearly. "She wouldn't dare. Too much traffic out there. And she's got no rights outside. It's her international line at the narrows."

The angry crack of the *Reno's* four-inch gun came at them across the water; then another and still another.

Martell wore a wide grin. He nodded astern where three fountains of water were rising lazily into the air. "There they are. Just as I thought."

"You seem to know a hell of a lot about it. Anyhow, it's their last chance. We're through. Starboard five. We'll be round the head and out of sight in a moment. Starboard ten."

MacEndrick left the compass platform and joined his skipper at the rail. Martell was smiling at a last glimpse of the *Reno*, now turning away like a dog thwarted at a rabbit hole. "Just what is behind all this?" MacEndrick said.

Martell laughed outright. "My dear old fellow. I should have told you. *Reno*—though she wasn't *Reno* then, of course—was mine during the late war. She was the first of a new class and I commissioned her myself and had her for two years. I know what she can do to the last ounce . . . better than they do, I guess. I knew perfectly well that I myself couldn't have got her four-inch on target going at full speed like she was just now. She pitches like an absolute bitch." THE END

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

THE BOY IN THE TUNNEL

Continued from page 19

eased his fingers in the strap of his leg-iron and he talked to the dog as if they had been friends for a long time.

When he heard the car returning, he was not alarmed. The dog raised its heard sharply and Andy heard a whining, vicious snarl curl up from within the barrel of the animal's body. It pulled away from him and the boy was suddenly alone, listening to the crunching of the ice as the dog dragged itself to the end of the tunnel.

"No, boy," he called softly. "No, boy. Come here." But the animal did not return.

Andy waited for a little while and then he crawled out into the ditch and climbed painfully to the roadway.

The car came blustering behind its shuddering headlights and it was upon him before he saw the hunched shadows of the men in the front seat. It stopped.

"Hallo!" said the driver. "Are you still here? Oughtn't you to go home?" He lit a match for his pipe as he spoke, and his face sprang to life in a splash of orange and scarlet. It was a friendly face, with tired, kindly lines at the corners of the eyes. He blew out the match and spoke from the darkness. "We didn't find it, you know," he said, and even Andy understood what he meant. They believed he knew where the dog was.

"Come round here," said the driver. He held out his hand and, when the boy limped up to the car, he placed his fingers firmly on the boy's shoulder.

"I seem to have seen your face before," he said gently. "Who are you, son?"

"I know him," said Weston. "Marlowe, isn't it? It's the orphan kid that came after the blitz." He turned his shadowed face towards Andy. "You've seen that dog, haven't you? Own up, now. I won't eat you."

The boy could say nothing. He did not want to lie, but he did not want to tell them that the dog was in the culvert beneath the road. He shuffled his feet in the gravel and wished the driver would take away his hand.

"Look here——" began Weston.

"It's all right, leave him to me." The driver opened the car door and got out. He sat down on the running-board and drew the boy between his legs. He smelt of leather and tobacco, a pleasing smell which the boy instantly liked. "I know your aunt. She'll be worrying about you. Like us to drive you home?"

"No," said Andy. He was able to say that, but he exhausted his feelings with it.

Weston said loudly: "Look here, me lad, we haven't got all night to wait for you to find your tongue. Out with it, now!"

Andy looked across the road to the field. He could see a corner of it, faintly lit by the diffused light of the headlamps. For a second he saw the black shadow of the dog limping towards the copse of elms.

"Don't frighten the kid," said the driver. He raised his hand and ruffled the boy's hair affectionately.

"Listen, son. You're Andy Marlowe, aren't you? My name is Cameron. I'm a farmer. That isn't a good dog, you know, Andy. It's bad, like some men are. Now you wouldn't want to help a bad dog, would you, Andy?"

"Soon as we're gone it'll attack you," said Weston. "It's got great, sharp poisonous teeth. You'll be all on your own."

"Don't frighten him," said Cameron. "Look, Andy, look at it this way: this is really a bad dog, turned to hating everyone."

"It ain't," said Andy suddenly.

Weston's voice burst into a bubble of anger. "There you are, he's seen it. Two of my best ewes killed by that devil, and this boy won't speak up."

ANDY'S leg-iron struck a spark from the gravel as he moved away nervously.

"Stop frightening the boy, will you?" said Cameron. "If you hadn't beaten the dog with a gun-stock in the first place we wouldn't be out here bullying this kid. You don't *know* it killed your sheep."

"I've had enough of this," said Weston. He got out of the car and

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"Can't talk now, Harry . . . that's right, within three feet of me . . ."

came round to the boy. Andy saw the white shape of the man's great hand coming towards him and he stepped back, slipping on the edge of the ditch and tumbled down.

"For Pete's sake!" Cameron cried. He went down into the ditch, picked Andy up and set the boy on his knee.

Andy was crying, not from fear or pain but from the anguish of confused loyalties. Loyalty to the wretched animal he had comforted in the culvert, loyalty to this man whose arm rested about him.

Cameron patted his shoulder. "You'd tell us if you knew," he said. "I'm sure of that. Why, just for helping us I'd come down and see you tomorrow. I've a young pup you'd like. You'd like a pup, wouldn't you?"

A pup! Andy sobbed louder. Of course he'd like a pup. He daren't look at the man in case he betrayed himself and the dog. But the farmer took his face in his hands and turned it gently towards him.

His voice was suddenly stern. "Andy, which way did that dog go?"

Andy's thin body was shaken by sobs. He had no defence against an attack that was an appeal, a demand that was unbullying. He raised his arm slowly. He could not find words to speak, but he pointed across the road and down the slope where he had last seen the dog.

Cameron patted Andy's head. "Good lad. Wait here. We'll drive you home when it's over."

ANDY stood alone on the road, except for the grumbling, steam-spitting motor car, and he watched the shadows of the men merge into the darkness of the field. He was now bitterly cold and the fingers of his hands, clenched tightly in his pockets, had lost all feeling. He tried to think of the pup Mr. Cameron would bring him in the morning, but he could think only of the dog in the culvert.

He turned and slowly dragged his leg-iron towards the village. He kept his head twisted towards the darkness of the copse below. Suddenly there was a flash of light down there among the trees, a scarlet splash that momentarily illuminated the leafless branches. Then, almost immediately, the boom of the shotgun rolled up the field towards the road. The rooks screamed up from their nests. Before Andy could understand the significance of the noise there was another flash of light, another rolling, booming explosion.

He understood then. He stopped in the roadway and his face burnt with wretched shame. He heard the voices of the men, the cracking of twigs beneath their boots as they pulled themselves from the copse and began to climb the hill.

Suddenly Andy began to run down the field towards the trees. His cheeks were hot and his tears did not cool them. His leg, in its clumsy sheath of iron, banged against the unsympathetic furrows. The field sloped like the quarter of a globe, and at the bottom, through the brushwork guarding the copse, there was a frozen sliver of a stream. Andy clambered through it. Tall elms, studded with nests, rose above the ditch and snatched at the sky. There the branches creaked and filled the boy with fear.

When he looked back to the road, the long, yellow bars of the car's headlamps, bright now in the dark, were moving. He watched the light until it disappeared and the noise of the car was gone.

Andy began to cry. He cried because he was young, because he was ashamed and because, for the first time in his life, perhaps, he felt his loneliness. It was while he was standing, hunched with cold and with his misery, that he heard the whimpering of the dog. At first, Andy thought it was his imagination, and then he heard the noise quite clearly from the darkness on his right. He walked haltingly towards it. The dog was whimpering incessantly now.

"Here, boy . . . . *here!*"

He snapped his fingers and then pursed his lips and gave a low, soft whistle. He heard the dog dragging its body over the leaves and then its muzzle touched his foot. He felt until his fingers touched the animal's skull and the dog snarled a warning. Andy fell on his knees and gently touched the dog's coat, searching for the wounds which the blast of the shotgun must have made, but there was nothing. The dog was unharmed.

It curled its body towards Andy, trembling, and its tail beat against the earth.

"*Good boy!*" said Andy, and he put his arms about the dog. He was no longer afraid and no longer ashamed. He was crying again, but this time it was with joy. THE END

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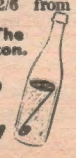

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LUXURY FOOD CASES

As a novel Bonus Award, a case of luxury Foods accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated February 16, and in JOHN BULL, dated February 23), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Target For 1952
Hypnotist Stalin
We Grouse And Grouse, But
Those Arms
Castle In The Air
Her Choice
Converted
Enemy Of Society
Organizing Genius
Man With A Ladder
Eating His Words
Rosy Future
Hunting, Shooting, Fishing
Ballroom Queen
Ugly As Sin
Knows All The Answers
Alfie And Baby
Gurgling
Thrill After Thrill
On A Zebra Crossing

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

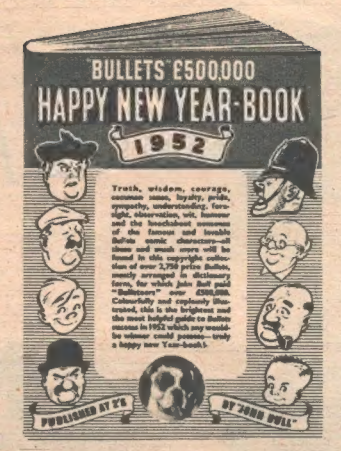
The Boss's .....
Still To Be.....
Ought To ..... More
..... Excuse
Yelled At The.....
Give.....A Chance And

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,818 (or Xword 770) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

WEALTH, ROMANCE and TRAVEL in ONE PRIZE—see next week's JOHN BULL!



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"Bullets" Winners 1,813

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Celebration Weekend: E. A. Pickett, 8 Lampton Grove, Grimsby:

IN WINSTON'S HAND
IN THIS "DARKNESS,"
BRITANNIA'S.

£50 plus Celebration Weekend: N. P. Swift, 99 Clarence Road, Derby: 300,000 HOUSES—*They* PROPOSE—DARE *I*?

£25 plus Celebration Weekend: J. Ax, c/o 9 Council Houses, Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne: EAST AND WEST — "TALKING," IF READING "WRITING."

OTHER AWARDS: £10: W. Fitzjohn, 1 King's Cross Road, London, W.C.1: HARD AS SHE IS—WORKED, NURSE WORKS TENDERLY. £10: W. Graham, 7 Ruberslaw Road, Burnfoot, Hawick, N.B.: BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE—UTOPIA—SIMPLY EJECT BRITISH! £5: J. Bennett, 109 Highters Road, Warstock, Birmingham: 300,000 HOUSES—OR CARS—OR GUNS? £5: A. R. Dove, Hibaldstow, Brigg, Lincs: CURSE OF CIVILIZATION—TOO MANY BLESSED "CIVILIZATIONS"! £5: Miss Y. Lamb, 21 Orchard Avenue, Blackpool: WITH GRANDPA IN THE BLANKET — *Again* — DIDN'T *Firemen* "JUMP"! £5: V. McCall, 49 Webster Street, Stockton-on-Tees: FILM STAR'S DREAM—AN *Electricity Board* MANSION! £5: J. McCusker, 48 St. Andrews Road, Ramsgate: 300,000 HOUSES—"MILESTONE"—OR "DROPPED BRICK"? Above seven winners each also receives Hamper.

For ten winners of £2 10s., plus Hamper, see *"Bullets" Bulletin.*

Winners of 30 Hampers have been notified and 2,000 "Good Shots" posted.

(Above result is reprinted for sake of readers who missed last week's JOHN BULL. *Result of "Bullets" No. 1,814 is due next week.)*

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

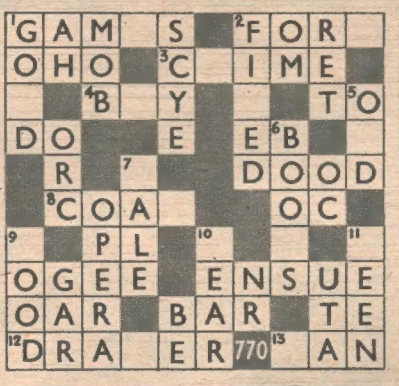
Across Clues — **XWORD 770**

1. One gets holes in these
2. Heavy rainfall may easily make this risky
3. This is sometimes the result of a blow with a hammer
4. Racehorse owner will probably boast of a clever one
8. Don't put it on unless you need it
12. May have just the bit of ribbon wife is looking for
13. Because accidents can happen, one should cover this

Down Clues

1. Much of this kind of plate must have disappeared from the houses of the comfortably off
2. Parts of grate may have to be this in course of fitting
5. Darby doesn't like to think of his Joan as being this
6. Can be most unexpectedly rude
7. One often causes the breaking up of something valuable
9. Hostess may not be able to get in the right this for her party
10. This of bad luck weakens a man's morale
11. Enthusiasm is likely to be this at most cup-ties

Result of Xword No. 766 is due to appear on this page next week



1	G	A	M		S	■	2	F	O	R		
O	H	O	■	3	C		I	M	E	■		
	■	4	B		Y	■		■	T	5	O	
D	O	■	■		E	■	E	6	B	■		
■	R	■	7	■	■	■	D	O	O	D		
■	8	C	O	A	■	■	■	O	C	■		
9	■	■	P	L	■	10	■	■	■	11		
O	G	E	E	■	E	N	S	U	E			
O	A	R	■	B	A	R	■	T	E			
12	D	R	A		E	R	770	13	A	N		

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **770** Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 28

I enclose P.O. value..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

£100 and "FOOD-PLUS" Prizes for this XWORD

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Feb. 9.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. .....
B. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.
EX. .....
B.

Closing Postmark **1,818** MON., JAN. 28

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For introductory copy of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated February 9 STICK 2½d. STAMP HERE

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

631

HEROES OF THE ST. BERNARD PASS

Continued from page 17

their stamina, courage and sense of direction, they first appeared at the hospice in the seventeenth century. They eat more than twenty pounds of food a day and cost about £100 each. The most famous was Barry, who lived a century ago and was responsible for the rescue of forty people. When storms blew up, nothing could keep him in his kennel. On one occasion, finding a young girl in the snow, he uncovered her with his paws, licked her face to revive her, lay on her to give her warmth, and finally persuaded her to mount on his back so that he could carry her to the hospice.

Barry eventually died in an avalanche, but his memory was preserved by giving his name in each generation to the finest dog in the kennels.

But neither the exploits of the dogs nor of the men is recorded at the hospice; the rules of the order forbid the enumeration of those who have died in fulfilling their duty. Heroism is a part of daily life.

One day, when the storm was particularly violent and the sky low and heavy with snow, the Prior received a telephone call from Bourg-Saint-Pierre, telling him that two Italians had left Proz and were making for the Marengo Pass. As the canons girded up their black robes and put on their skis, they heard the dull boom of avalanches.

They found the two Italians in a refuge eight kilometres away from the hospice; but the weather was now so bad that the lost men and their rescuers remained stranded for three days, feeding on flour mixed with melted snow. At the end of the three days, the Italians decided to force their way through. Five canons accompanied them and successfully reached the pass.

The Earth Trembled

As they turned back to the valley, the canons saw another party of Italians making towards the Great St. Bernard Pass. They waited, to provide an escort for them. Together, they had gone only a few hundred yards when the earth trembled and a tremendous avalanche engulfed fifteen men. Among them were three of the five canons from the hospice.

The survivors had nothing but ski-sticks with which to probe the snow; yet they managed to dig out five men alive. The hospice sent a second rescue team, which worked through the night and at last found two more men in the snow: Canon Coutard and one of the Italians. Before they died of their injuries and exposure, they had time to tell what had happened.

When they came to their senses, imprisoned in the snow, they found they were side by side. The canon said to his companion: "Let us pray. We are going to die." Together, they prayed. Then, gathering their remaining strength, they managed to struggle partly clear of the snow.

When they were discovered, Father Coutard was still three-quarters buried in the snow. He was praying aloud. He and his companion died before they could be taken back to the hospice, and the bodies of the eight others were not found until the following spring, when the snow melted. Today, a simple iron cross marks the spot. THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 22 is of Arthur Askey when a boy.

DIVORCE IN BRITAIN TODAY

Continued from page 13

probation officers and other social workers—does not regard the divorce figures as anything like a true indication of marital unhappiness.

They point out that every year thousands of people who have no intention of going to court seek advice from probation officers, marriage guidance counsellors and other social service workers, psychiatrists, clergymen, solicitors and the problem columns of their newspapers and magazines. Every year, they add, thousands more continue to keep their troubles to themselves, or at most to let them go no farther than the next-door neighbour or colleague chooses to take them.

Temporarily Happy

"It may be argued that these people are only temporarily unhappy," says one probation officer, "but it is more likely that we make them temporarily happy. The truthful case worker knows this.

"Today, we generally work on the superficial problems. We keep marriages whole by indirectly playing on the couple's responsibilities and their consciences. It is naturally common practice in matrimonial case work to regard a reconciliation as a success. But is it likely that the couple would come back again if they had fresh trouble? First, they would be re-admitting failure; secondly, they would be seeking advice from someone who had already failed them, who presumably had nothing more to say.

"In any case, is it likely that divorcees are a race apart? Of course not. The scale of unhappiness and happiness is finely graduated. Some people become unhappy more easily than others."

"Today," says a psychiatrist, "the three-fold problem facing the potential divorce petitioner—cash, conscience, and courage—is still a strong deterrent. But women are now very close to complete economic independence, the State is taking more interest in the welfare of the children, divorce is becoming less and less disgraceful socially, and religious and moral responsibilities and fears are rapidly waning." On top of all this, the Legal Aid and Advice Act has just made divorce cheaper still.

Everything Is Blamed

"Parents, in-laws, children, friends, money, age at marriage, housing, war and its aftermath—all these and more have been blamed for divorce," this psychiatrist goes on. "Between themselves divorcees also blame each other's bad habits—nagging, cruelty and so on. It's a wonder they don't include the weather. Indeed, some very odd things have been blamed: a family, the six cats that sleep in bed, a win on the football pools. Blame some outside influence, blame the other fellow. How often do divorcees examine themselves?

"It would not be a bit of use killing off all the in-laws, segregating men and women at work, perfecting or banning contraception, making everyone rich (what about Hollywood?) and solving all the other oft-repeated problems. They are only handy, suitable crisis factors. If they were removed, the unhappiness would find other outlets. It would be like trying to dam all the rivers in Britain. No, the real causes are within the divorcees themselves."

NEXT WEEK: The emotional factor in broken marriages

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